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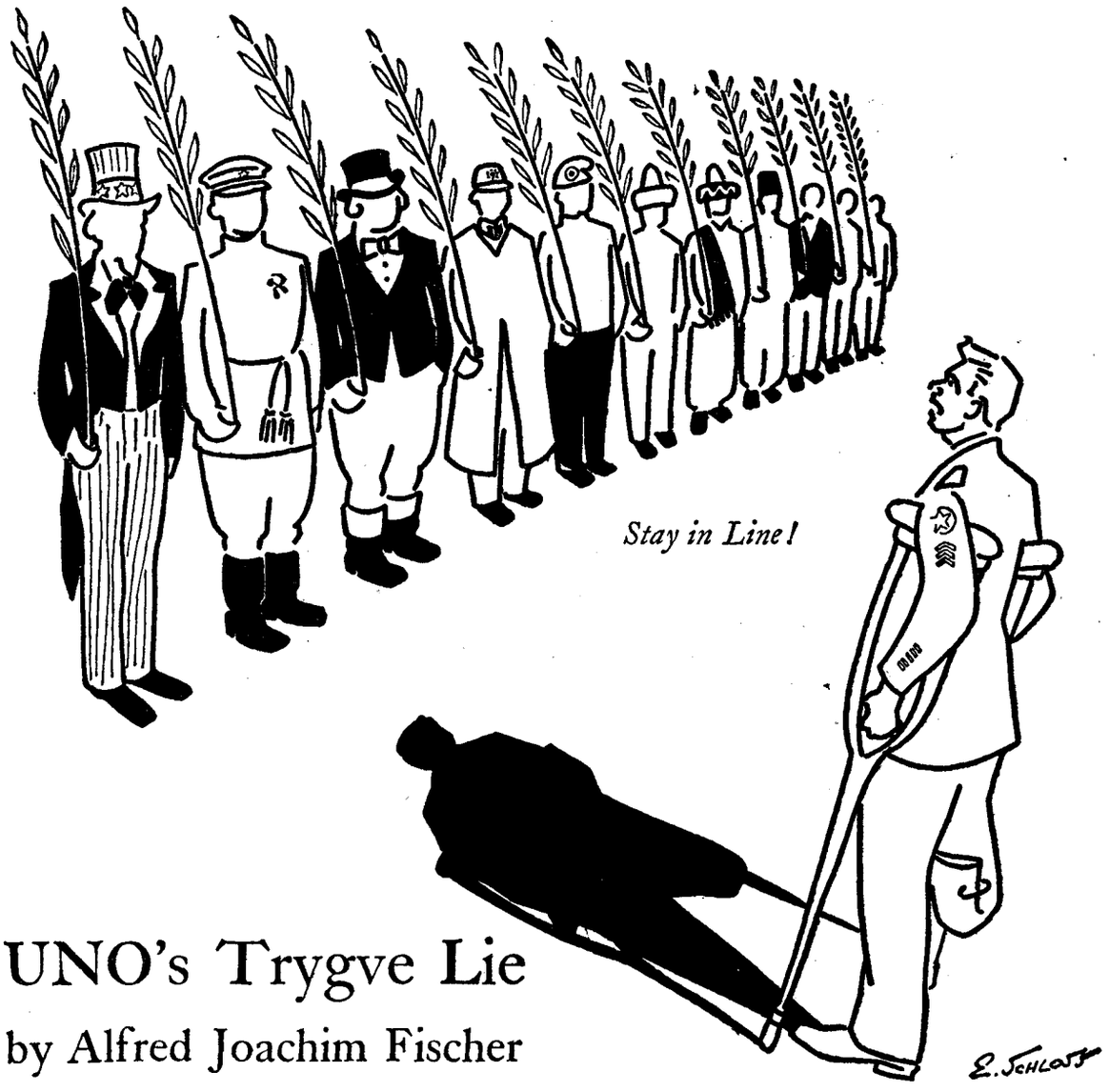

UNO's Trygve Lie

by Alfred Joachim Fischer

New World Under Construction

by Ralph G. Martin

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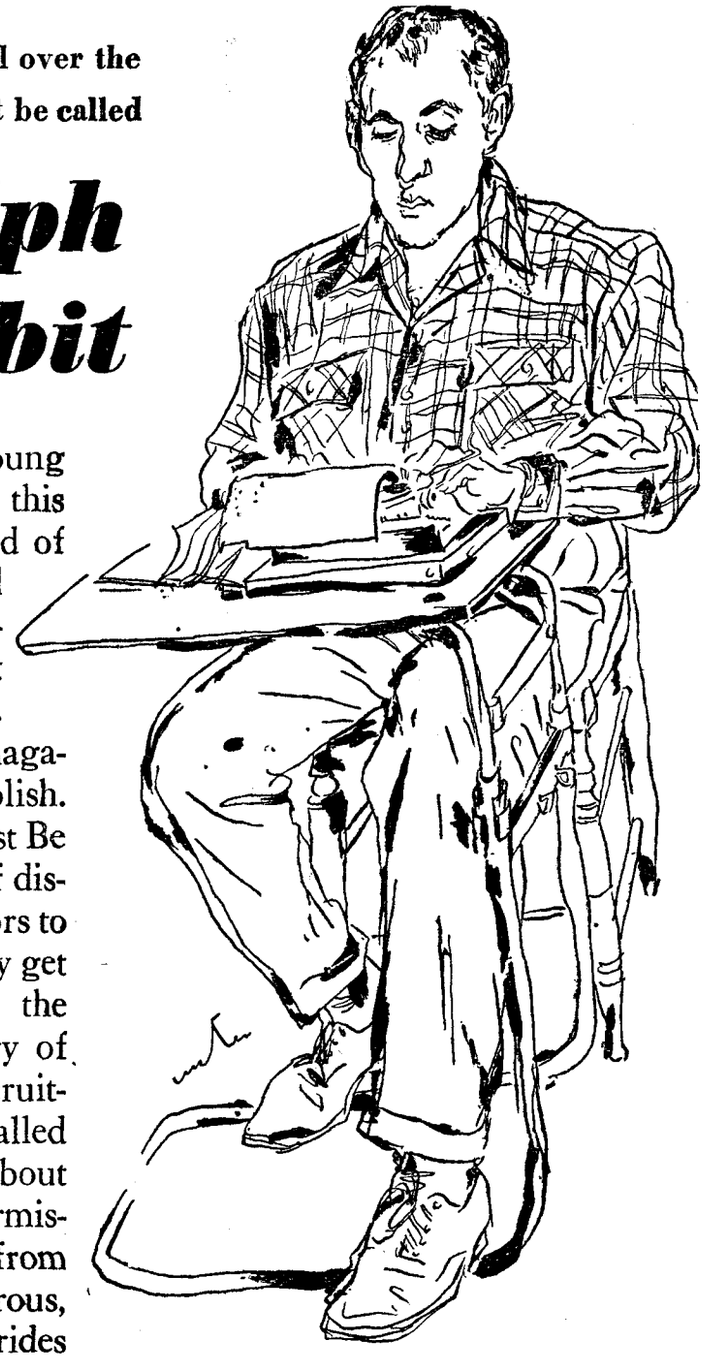
Thousands of *New Republic* readers, all over the country, have lately acquired what might be called

The Ralph Martin Habit



• They are reading the pieces by this young ex-soldier, now writing regularly for this paper, which are creating a new kind of journalism, and setting a new standard in it. Letters from our readers everywhere attest to the tug at the heart which some of his articles have given. Scores of newspapers and reprint magazines have asked permission to republish. Did you read, for example, "They Must Be Awfully Bitter," (Jan. 7), the story of disabled veterans training to be counsellors to other veterans, and the run-around they get while doing it? Or "Best Job in the World," (Feb. 11), the truthful story of what goes on nowadays in an Army recruiting office? One recruiting officer called it "the only honest thing written about Army recruiting today," and asked permission to reprint it in full. Or "Bundles from Britain," (Feb. 18), the tender, humorous, revealing story of the British war brides coming to America to rejoin their husbands. Or "We Look in the Mirror," (Feb. 25), the broadly funny adventures of Martin at a show whose leading man is described as a *New Republic* reporter. If you haven't yet acquired the Ralph Martin habit, there's no time like the present.

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

VOL. 114, NO. 12 NEW YORK, MONDAY, MARCH 25, 1946 NUMBER 1634

Stand by the Charter!

WE ARE not yet at peace. There is a chance that we may never be.

When the peace treaties are signed, eight to ten nations may be added to the Soviet side of the balance in the UNO, leading to a spirit in which the UNO can be strengthened. When the peace settlement is made, world reconstruction can be undertaken on a far greater scale.

Today there is no peace. There is a great desire for peace among all peoples. But there are threatening issues demanding immediate solution. And there are forces willing to precipitate war. The Manchurian issue is "extremely critical," according to General Marshall. Fighting could begin in Iraq, Iran or Turkey. The Security Council may be unable to stand the strain imposed upon it.

When 52 nations signed the UNO Charter, they undertook:

To "settle their international disputes by peaceful means in such a manner that international peace and security and justice are not endangered."

To "refrain in their international relations from the threat or use of force against the territorial integrity or independence of any state or in any other manner inconsistent with the purposes of the United Nations."

To "fulfill in good faith the obligations assumed by them in accordance with the present charter."

There was nothing inherently stable or essentially just in the status quo at the time of the surrender of the Axis. "The Germans," Premier Stalin pointed out, "had carried out an invasion of the USSR through Finland, Poland, Rumania, Bulgaria and Hungary. . . . What can be surprising in the fact that the Soviet Union, in a desire to ensure its security for the future, tries to achieve that these countries shall have governments whose relations to the Soviet Union are loyal?"

Secretary Byrnes announced in New York that we were not committed to the status quo. The British and American governments, according to Joseph Harsch, agreed that through negotiation the USSR should be given access to the North Sea through the Kiel Canal, access to the Mediterranean through the Dardanelles under treaty rights, and concessions in Iran.

But today, negotiation is giving way to force as the means of solving major issues.

Issues are not discussed on their merits but in terms of the strategy of the "Soviet bloc" and the "anti-Soviet bloc." We are charged with sending 39 American trained Chinese divisions to Manchuria as a threat against the USSR. Anglo-American interests, according to *Izvestia*, were behind the refusal of Iran to grant oil concessions to the USSR. *Izvestia* asserts that the purpose of the negotiations between Turkey and Iraq is the "formation of a so-called Near East bloc, anti-Soviet in nature" and "directed from London."

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Americans, to press this interpretation further, are seeking to neutralize the Kiel Canal by air bases in Iceland and Greenland. America has built superfortress bases in Germany with only one possible strategic object—raids on the USSR. Britain is attempting to neutralize the Dardanelles with air bases in Greece and the Aegean Islands. The Panama Canal and the Suez Canal are held as rigid monopolies against the USSR. Six hundred and fifty thousand Germans have been kept under arms in the British Zone. Close to 200,000 anti-Soviet Polish soldiers under General Anders have been supported until now by British funds. America is proposing to hold bases on the former Japanese islands of Okinawa, Iwo, Kwajalein and Saipan, in addition to her own Pacific outposts. *And America is still producing atom bombs.*

There is growing hostility to the USSR in the British and American governments. Conscription and the extension of military power over atomic energy are again being advanced. The Roman Catholic Church, so powerful in this country, commits itself every day to the Holy War, in words such as Cardinal Spellman uttered on St. Patrick's Day: "Godless, lawless leaders, drunken with delusions, are imperiling our peace. . . . The bloodstream of humankind is poisoned by the plague of militant atheism, its body plundered by greedy leeches, its soul scourged by man's scorn for the laws of a just God."

In this sort of world we can understand Russia's bitter denunciation of Winston Churchill. But many of these developments are themselves the results of suspicion and fear, and bitterness does not lead to world understanding. We understand Russia's preoccupation with security. Yet, when any substantial nation can fire a rocket with an atomic warhead and with pathfinder radar that seeks out and destroys its target five thousand miles away, security is not to be found in the loyalty of small border states.

Vicky in the London Daily News Chronicle

Unusual Teeth for One So Young

Security is found in the hatred of all peoples for war, and the demand of all peoples that all issues between nations be resolved through the UNO. The spirit of the UNO Charter may have been violated by Britain and America in Greece and in the Pacific. The letter of the Charter has been violated by the USSR in Iran. And every violation of the Charter by nations which support it, and which up to now have asserted its inviolability, make violations by warlike, undemocratic nations incomparably easier.

One standard must be raised now, for the world to follow—*Stand by the Charter!* No military allowances within the UNO. No settlement by force, inside or outside the Charter, of international disputes. The world is too close to the end of its tether to justify the threats of one nation in terms of the threatening designs of others.

"The United Nations Organization is the point on which the hopes of mankind are directed. If it succeeds all will be safe and it is the duty of every one of us to strengthen it . . . and respect it. . . . If it should fail . . . measureless misfortune and despair would envelope all human beings."

This is the Winston Churchill that we applaud. More power to the UNO!

The End of a Strike

The unseemly length of the General Motors strike appears to have strengthened the unity of the United Automobile Workers, at least on the surface of this normally unstable and faction-ridden organization. This is of more than ordinary importance in the general scheme of labor politics, since the UAW is to labor politics what New York State is to national politics. If John Lewis, David Dubinsky, the General Motors Corporation or the National Association of Manufacturers actually want to crush the CIO (as top labor leaders state is the case), they would have to start with the UAW.

In addition to the wage increase, the results of GM's determined stretching out of the stalemate appear to be an improved contract for union members plus strong bitterness of the workers for the corporation. But this temporary unity and peace stands a good chance of being shattered in the UAW convention which is about to begin in Atlantic City. Walter Reuther's supporters seem determined to try to push him into R. J. Thomas' present job as president. They have tried it before, but this time they believe that Reuther has attained added stature from his role in the strike. And they point out that this year Secretary-Treasurer George Addes, the balance-of-power-force

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Let Us Be Sane About Russia

There seem to be three ways of regarding Russia, two of which lead to war and the third to the promise, though not the certainty, of peace.

The first is the way of hostility, open or suppressed, and probably a majority of Americans, consciously or unconsciously, are victims of its influence. There are some among us who find it impossible to forgive the Russians for having a successful revolution. The only revolution those thus-minded can esteem is our own of 1776, and they esteem that one for the wrong reasons. What the Russian rulers mean by democracy is evidently not rule *by*, but rule *for*, the people.

There are others among us who do not necessarily mind what the political system of that country is, but are afraid that Soviet collectivism will spread. They do not want the economic status of America changed—and especially their own. If you believe in the maximum of economic freedom, you must learn to regulate it and improve its working until it is more productive than any other and at the same time more just. If our intention is to increase our national production and, in regulated freedom, secure its wider and more equitable distribution, then no other system can prevail against us. If the Russian economic system is a rival system, all that we have to do is to outmatch it—in justice, in social welfare and in benefits to all.

There are other causes of hostility to Russia. Down to now the Soviet Russians have been more democratic than ourselves in race relations. There are Americans who silently but deeply disapprove of this. Until the war, the Soviets opposed imperialism. The Russians disestablished a strong and tyrannical church. That is why the Vatican hates Russia.

The second way of regarding Russia is the extreme opposite of the first: and yet it also leads to war, and just as surely. Those who adopt this way see the Soviets as immaculate, Kremlin policy as flawless, the Communist Party as impeccable.

We have not only "party-liners" and "fellow travelers" but also a third group, which might be called the "travelers' aid." They are so disillusioned, or so tired of doing their own thinking, that their spiritual choice has narrowed down to two possibilities; to join the Roman Catholic Church or to join the Soviet version of Jehovah's Witnesses.

Americans whose real allegiance is to Russia, together with those who are half-persuaded by them, will cause a war with Russia if we let them. A point will arrive where conflict is inescapable. With a sudden recognition of realities, Americans will resist the Soviet encroachment. Each country, by that time, will think it has superiority in atomic weapons; atomic war will be the outcome.

But there is a third way of regarding Russia. It seems to me the sane way. It recognizes that between ourselves and the Soviets there are many differences. Freedom, to us, is vital. To them, at most, it is an aspiration for the future. The Russian press keeps the people ignorant whenever and wherever the rulers want the people ignorant; it misinforms deliberately for what the Kremlin thinks sufficient reason. However badly some of our newspapers may mangle the truth, it is the truth they mangle.

It is sane to have these facts in mind. To know that there are differences, and to know that they amount to opposition. It is sane to accept what must be true of Soviet ambition: that the Kremlin hopes to sovietize the world. Not in deliberate imperialism—no, just for self-protection. Can it be doubted that the Kremlin sees the Western nations as demoralized? Believing that little by little they will give away their strength, or suffer internal upheaval, or quarrel with each other? In every instance, the Soviets hope to move a little farther. They believe in their own system; they have faith in themselves.

The sane thing is to recognize the conflict, the opposition, and by agreement—a firm, enforceable agreement—make it peaceful. Russia will change. So, no doubt, shall we. Let the two systems modify each other in whatever measure day-to-day experience may determine. But unless we are willing to make this arrangement, and having made it to abide by it, we shall finally destroy each other in atomic war.

We must meet the Russians for a fundamental reckoning. We should put ourselves in the right on all the things in which we are in the wrong. We are wrong about Spain; wrong if we want a group of Vatican-minded, authoritarian states in Central Europe semicircling Russia; wrong if we want to go on putting atomic energy to military uses, or to keep it under military control. We should send our delegates, authorized to say that we are ready to dismantle our atomic bombs, ready to have our country so regulated and inspected that no other nation needs to fear us, that we are ready for active and progressive international control in all that governs and concerns security. If the Soviets are to undertake similar commitments, let us put that basis into effect at once. But if the Soviets, after we have shown every evidence of good faith, are *not* willing, if it is obvious that they wish to remain behind their iron curtain and leave the rest of the world fearful and suspicious of what they may be doing, then we are under a very sad necessity indeed.

It is true that there will never be enduring peace except with justice. It is true that peace will never live for long unless it draws its breath from freedom. But neither the Russians nor the world will be convinced of this until we demonstrate it by what we commit ourselves to do in the present age. — *Excerpts from a sermon by the Reverend A. Powell Davies, delivered at All Soul's Church, Washington, March 10, 1946.*

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in UAW politics, is still a doubtful quantity and is not definitely allied with Thomas as in the past. Some observers predict that Addes will be a candidate for president himself; will bide his time until a Thomas-Reuther stalemate develops and then slip into office between them.

It is foolish to try to prejudge anything so wide open as a UAW election. But we hope it is not foolish to expect that the unity and self-discipline which came out of the hardships of the strike will not be casually dissipated in factional politics.

The Unholy Alliance

Chances for the OPA's extension past June were enhanced this week, thanks to the Associated Press, which broke a story disclosing a secret coalition meeting of Southern Democrats and Republican congressmen. Although many Dixie representatives have been voting with the GOP for a long time, the meeting is the first evidence of an organized coalition with a steering committee.

Ever since the story broke, Southern Democrats have been smarting. Those who were there and those who weren't have been busy denying that they knew of any such meeting.

The strategy for crippling the OPA will follow the same lines used in full-employment and housing legislation. Amendment after amendment will be offered, to cut down the OPA's powers. Southern Democrats and Republicans will successfully carry them through. Then on the final passage of OPA extension, Southern Democrats and some of the more liberal Republicans will piously fold their hands and vote to extend the OPA.

This tactic is old stuff on Capitol Hill. More than one Southern Representative has openly admitted, "I voted for the full-employment bill and I don't believe it will create a job. I voted for housing legislation and I don't think it will build a house." Now, they'll vote for price control knowing that what's left of the OPA won't control a price.

However, the people are on guard this time. The AP story tipped them off to something they already suspected, and when the Southern Democrats file down the aisle on the teller votes with the Republicans, they will be watched, counted and named from the galleries.

Lehman Resigns in Disgust

The resignation of Director General Herbert H. Lehman of the United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration is a double tragedy. It is the tragedy of a man who selflessly and honestly tried to help the unfortunate victims of a world at war, and of a nation which failed in its promise to help feed the world's hungry with something more than promises.

Ex-Governor Lehman resigned in disgust. He was disgusted with being pushed around by the present national administration. He was disgusted with the Combined Food Board—controlled by the United States, Great Britain and Canada—which allocates world food supplies, and which sliced UNRRA's requests until they were about half what was asked for Europe's and the Far East's starving millions.

More important, Mr. Lehman was disgusted by the sham put up by the national administration in suddenly forming a Food Famine Committee and then sending Herbert Hoover to find out what everyone in UNRRA and in the Department of Agriculture has known for more than two years—that America, as the greatest food-supply source in the world, should have planned for the current food crisis, but instead fumbled it.

Completely selfless in his mission—he never took his $15,000 annual salary—Mr. Lehman warned three years ago, two years ago and a year ago that plans for feeding the world's hungry millions could not wait till the end of the war. He pleaded for action in a letter to the UNO last month. There wasn't much the UNO could do. But there was much that the Truman administration and its Department of Agriculture could have done. By abandoning rationing in the United States for reasons of political expediency, the rest of the world was left holding the bag—an empty one.

Mr. Lehman's resignation was a gesture of protest against this kind of bumbling. It was as strong a protest as a man like Lehman, not given to dramatics, could make.

Attlee Makes a Promise

PRIME MINISTER CLEMENT ATTLEE displayed rare statesmanship when he pledged immediate action to free India. For the first time, the Labor government has broken sharply with the die-hard imperial policy laid down by Winston Churchill. At a time when Foreign Minister Bevin and Mr. Churchill seemed bent primarily on uniting the rest of the world against the Soviet Union, it remained for Mr. Attlee to announce a constructive policy—one which may help to allay the bitterness of the Asiatic peoples and rally them to Western democratic standards.

Mr. Attlee's position, stated with quiet assurance in an informal parliamentary debate, is diametrically opposed to that of the Tories who have dominated Britain's policy in the past. Instead of stressing "dominion status," Attlee recognized that India has an immediate right to full independence if she wishes. He expressed the hope that India would freely choose to associate herself with the British Commonwealth of Nations, but made it clear that this was not a condition of self-government.

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In the past, the British Tories have held up the various divisions within India—Hindus v. Moslems, Congress Party v. Moslem League, British Raj v. Native Princes—as obstacles which must be overcome by the Indians themselves before self-government could be granted. The emphasis placed on these divisions merely made them deeper and more difficult to resolve. Everyone who knows India realizes that unity can be obtained only in the process of achieving full self-government, whether by violent revolution or by peaceful negotiations. Mr. Attlee wisely chose the latter course. He made it clear that no minority would be permitted to veto a solution. He served notice on the Moslem League that its demand for "Pakistan," or Moslem separatism, will not be permitted to stand in the way of the will of the majority, and that statesmanship must find a way to overcome the obstructionism of the Indian princes.

Although no definite formula was offered, Mr. Attlee answered the parliamentary spokesman of the Conservatives, Mr. Richard Austen Butler, in such a manner as to leave no doubt of his determination to end the Indian impasse. On the question of Pakistan he said, "You cannot make the Indians responsible for governing themselves and at the same time retain for yourself the responsibility for the treatment of minorities and . . . the power to intervene in their behalf." The Indian leaders, he added, "are increasingly appreciative of the need for making due provision for [minorities] within the constitution." When Mr. Butler said that the post-independence treaty with India must be written with careful regard for British interests, Mr. Attlee replied, "We are not going to hang onto our advantages in such a way as to work to the disadvantage of India."

The key to the Prime Minister's remarks was his explicit recognition that nationalism "was once canalized within a comparatively small proportion of the people of India, but it has spread wider and wider." The fact is, the Indian situation has been deteriorating ever since the failure of the Simla conference last summer. That incident caused much bitterness in Congress circles. They felt that Viceroy Lord Wavell had failed to overrule the Moslem League's objections to the make-up of the proposed government.

After the Labor government took over in London, Wavell announced elections of provincial and central legislatures, which were viewed by the Congress Party as another runaround, since they merely perpetuated the status quo. Then came the trial of leaders in the Indian National Army for collaboration with the Japanese in Burma and Southeast Asia. Although their guilt was proved, and they received only light sentences, the defendants had the sympathy of most Indians and became symbols of martyrdom to British imperialism. Finally, the widespread riots in Calcutta, Bombay and other places showed that the Indian armed forces were no longer loyal to their British commanders. With the threat of mass starvation impending, it is obvious that British rule cannot be maintained much longer. The Labor government is taking the only sensible way out—to direct the energies of Indian dissenters into constructive channels, rather than into a bitter anti-British campaign. Mr. Attlee knows Great Britain stands to gain good will by such a course.

Indian leaders reacted with skepticism, as might have been expected. Nehru said he favored the tone of Attlee's statement, but that expressions of good will are not enough and that no half-measures can be considered. Gandhi refused to comment, but the president of the Congress Party said the statement "helped to create a desirable atmosphere . . . but we are withholding final judgment until [the offer of independence] comes into practice." Jinnah was disgruntled; he accused Attlee of "rope-walking" and said that he had fallen into the trap of the pro-Hindu propagandists. But all parties welcomed the Cabinet mission and hoped for a settlement. Once preliminary negotiations are out of the way, mutual concessions may be expected and some form of federation with full protection for minorities may emerge.

In any case, the new mission will not be hamstrung by preconceived ideas and demands from the British. Its members, Secretary for India Lord Pethick Lawrence, First Lord of the Admiralty A. V. Alexander, and Sir Stafford Cripps, must realize that this time failure would mean disaster. This time, says Mr. Attlee, they "are going out to India resolved to succeed."

A Plea for Atomic Freedom

IN THE INTEREST of a clearer understanding of the issues involved in civilian v. military control of atomic energy, it is time that someone spoke out on exactly why we scientists insist that atomic power must not be controlled by the military.

I am not a world-famed scientist, nor am I experienced in speaking of political affairs. I am a young man who worked on the atomic-bomb projects at the University of Chicago and Los Alamos. Men with far greater scientific experience than I have attempted to explain in broad terms why this country must have the control of nuclear research and development in civilian hands. Aside from the more obvious reason that a military determination of national and international policy is contrary to American tradition, there is the fact that science cannot exist under military control.

The scientists' revulsion at military suppression of research information is not a matter of personal differences with the Army and Navy. It is a conflict between types of work which by their nature cannot dwell in

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the same house. During the war, the military had as one of its functions the maintenance of secrecy in projects concerning the prosecution of the war. We scientists certainly did not challenge the need for secrecy in certain cases, but we believe the military went beyond that need; we feel that many such restraints, still in practice, are intolerable in the future and jeopardize both scientific research and world peace.

Have you ever feared for every political expression you ever made? Working under Army security rules was much like living in the kind of totalitarian society which existed in Germany and Italy. We often saw men discharged after several years' service because suddenly their "loyalty was questioned." What had they done—given aid to the enemy, divulged secrets to foreign spies? They received no hearing. Their colleagues were given no explanation.

We became frightened, insecure, under constant vague threat. During the war we had to accept it. In peacetime we cannot.

On several occasions, persons within and without the laboratory were asked to fill out questionnaires on the outside activities of scientists whom they knew. I remember one such questionnaire a supervisor was asked to fill out about an employee. One question was: "Was this man too enthusiastic about Roosevelt's reëlection?"

In 1943, most of us who were working at Chicago got together to form an organization at the project. We were troubled by the fact that except for the scientists and the Army there was no knowledge of the tremendous implications of the atom bomb, and we felt someone should attempt to represent the public conscience and that at least we scientists should discuss among ourselves the tremendous social and political implications of atomic warfare.

That group was in existence for about two months. Four or five meetings were held in the laboratory after working hours. All during that time the Army repeatedly attempted to get the group to disband, and the assistant director of the laboratory was spending a good portion of his time defending its continuance. Finally, it became apparent that it would be impractical to continue the organization in view of Army opposition, and the group was disbanded, pledging itself to reorganize after the war.

The end of the war, we thought, would bring a relaxation of secrecy measures, but instead a number of petty restrictions remained. For example, incoming and outgoing mail at Los Alamos continued to be censored until December 1, 1945. That censorship almost stopped a small party a group of us planned in Santa Fe several weeks after the war's end. The censor saw mention of the party in our letters and ruled that we could not attend.

Although not cosmic affairs, such incidents infringe upon a man's basic rights. In addition to making life difficult for the scientist, military control stops the progress of science. A man does research out of love for his work, not because he is otherwise bound to it. Compartmentalization of information, under which a scientist does not know the purpose for which he is working or what his colleagues are doing, is not only intolerable but makes the scientific mind sterile. Science cannot live under such suppression.

The military attitude toward secrecy is expressed in such devices, and in terms of the size of the penalty for its violation. One Army officer asked a scientist, "Do you think a $300,000 cash fine would be enough for violation of secrecy?" To which the man replied, "Hell no, why not make it a million?"

The Army seeks to have us believe that the scientists, who alone have the knowledge of nuclear development, cannot be trusted with that information in a civilian commission. The scientists, who voluntarily imposed secrecy upon their research and fought with Washington to support such research before the Army was aware of it, are suddenly no longer trustworthy.

Long before Hiroshima the scientists realized that nuclear development was not just another weapon—that it demanded momentous political and social action. It was not a bazooka or a rocket which the military could control. It was based on the knowledge of the world's scientists. Therefore what our scientists could do other scientists would do, not in a stroke of genius but by mathematical step-by-step progression. There is no basic secret, only a technological secret, if you must call it that.

We don't say give any secrets to Russia or anyone else. We ask only that Americans realize that this nation cannot hide behind these secrets. We say that the only national security is international security. Follow such a policy and the world has a chance to benefit by the scientific knowledge atomic research has created. Do otherwise, and America begins a nuclear armament race which will destroy us all.

AARON NOVICK

THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

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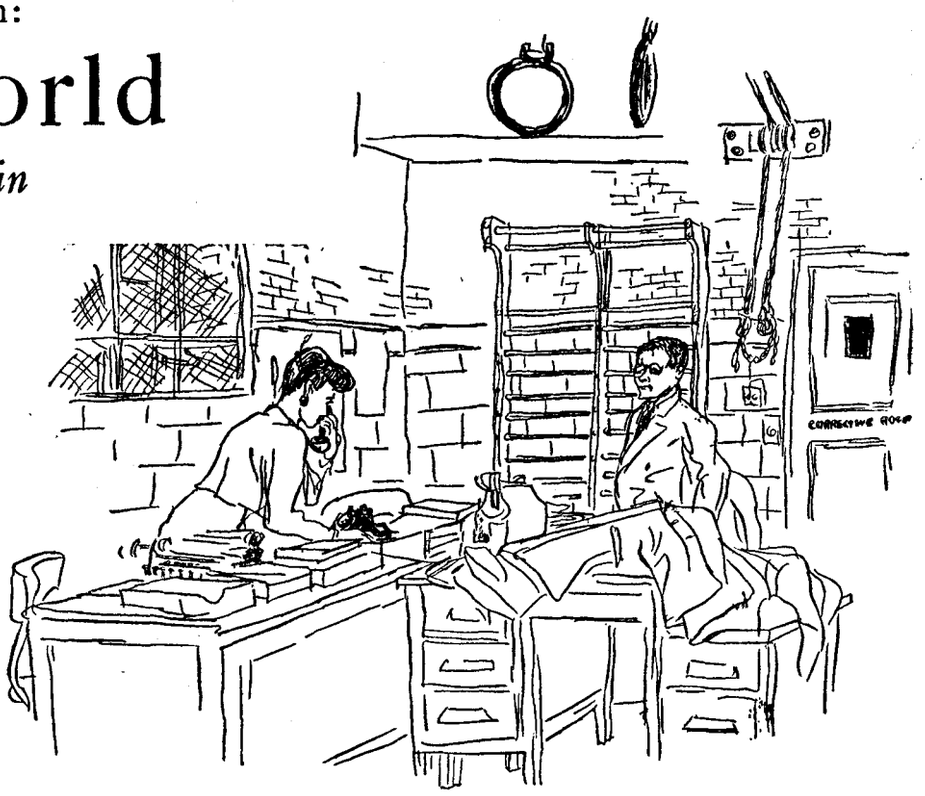
Under Construction:

New World

by Ralph G. Martin



EXCEPT FOR the pieces of pipe and the empty wire reels on the front lawn, it looked like any other college building. But inside, everything was noise and movement: people carrying boxes, sawing wood, painting ceilings, measuring floors, building walls, walking around an empty swimming pool. It looked like a lot of people gone crazy.

Inside the Women's Corrective Exercises Room, under some swim rings, Leonard Barry, a British member of the UNO press corps, was trying to explain things: "It's most extraordinary, simply a complete transmogrification," he said. "Why only last Saturday the gymnasium upstairs still looked like a gymnasium and now it just doesn't any more. It's a marvel to me how they've done it. It really is. . . ."

Then he described things to come. The corrective-exercises room would be a plushy lounge, the swimming pool a press workroom, part of the locker room a film section, and the women's hair-drying room was scheduled for a photo studio. He wasn't sure whether the showers would still be showers, but he didn't think so. And all this was to happen before another week was up. "Don't ask me how," he said. "But it will. . . ."

In the main administration office, flanked by blueprints and secretaries, the deputy executive officer, Charles Brackenbury, told how the thing was born. After his plane landed he had lunch, rushed out to Hunter College for a quick inspection, had a long talk with the architect, Mr. Walker of Voorhees, Walker, Foley and Smith, outlining the needs. Next morning he examined two rough sketches, chose one and okayed the blueprints the following day. After that, the architect picked contractors, the contractors picked subcontractors, material started arriving by the truckload and people starting coming to work.

Up in the converted gym, everything was a confusion of fast-moving people, blowtorches, ladders, oxygen tanks and a man who yelled, "Yeah, I'll bring up the stuff . . . keep your pants on."

Mr. Barry was explaining that the UNO Security Council staff only had these two buildings allotted and they expected to have about 300 people working for them by the time of the first session. He pointed to a big pile of wood in the center of the former basketball court. "There's where the eleven members of the Council will sit around an elliptical table, and up there are the radio booths and over there in the two galleries they're going to rip out the old seats and put in smaller seats for more people."

Barry was pointing out the false ceiling and walls which will help better the acoustics and change the gym atmosphere, when a blond, husky woman reporter from the Norwegian *Morgenbladet* wondered aloud how temporary all this was. The whole setup was slated to stay only until May 15, Barry answered, but it was no secret that they hoped to remain for a few years until a permanent site was established.

After Barry had disappeared, the next stop was the Information Desk, where pretty, dark-haired Beverly Riegel bubbled over with enthusiasm about everything. This was so much better than teaching art at George Washington High School, she said, and the English people here had the most marvelous sense of humor.

"I like Bob Hope and all that," she went on, "but I just adore the sense of humor of these English people. I had lunch with some of them today and honestly I came back with a bellyache from laughing so much. I don't know where I got the idea that they were cold and close-mouthed."

She thought the French were very charming, too, if they would only talk a little more slowly, because she only had four years of high-school French and was a bit rusty. She hadn't used her Spanish yet. "But I will," she said, as she grabbed a ringing telephone.

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"Well, where are you?" she was asking. She screwed up her face and gasped, "Oh my, it will take you at least an hour to get here. . . . No, really, I'm being conservative. . . . I'm very sorry. . . ."

That was her job now, she continued, to tell people the best way to come out and to find people for other people. She went on to say that a lot of people had called up and written letters saying how the UNO was the hope of the world and how they were willing to do anything to help. "That's why I'm here, too," she finished.

IN BACK of the Information Desk was a big blackboard with scribbled messages:

"Mr. Gerould: Mrs. Wallace has a message for you on hotel accommodations. . . ."

"Our official mailing address is U. N., Box 1,000, NYC."

"Miss Langston, please call CI 6-4320."

"Hereafter, there *will* be a bus leaving these grounds in the evening at 6:45 to go to the Waldorf and Taft. . . ."

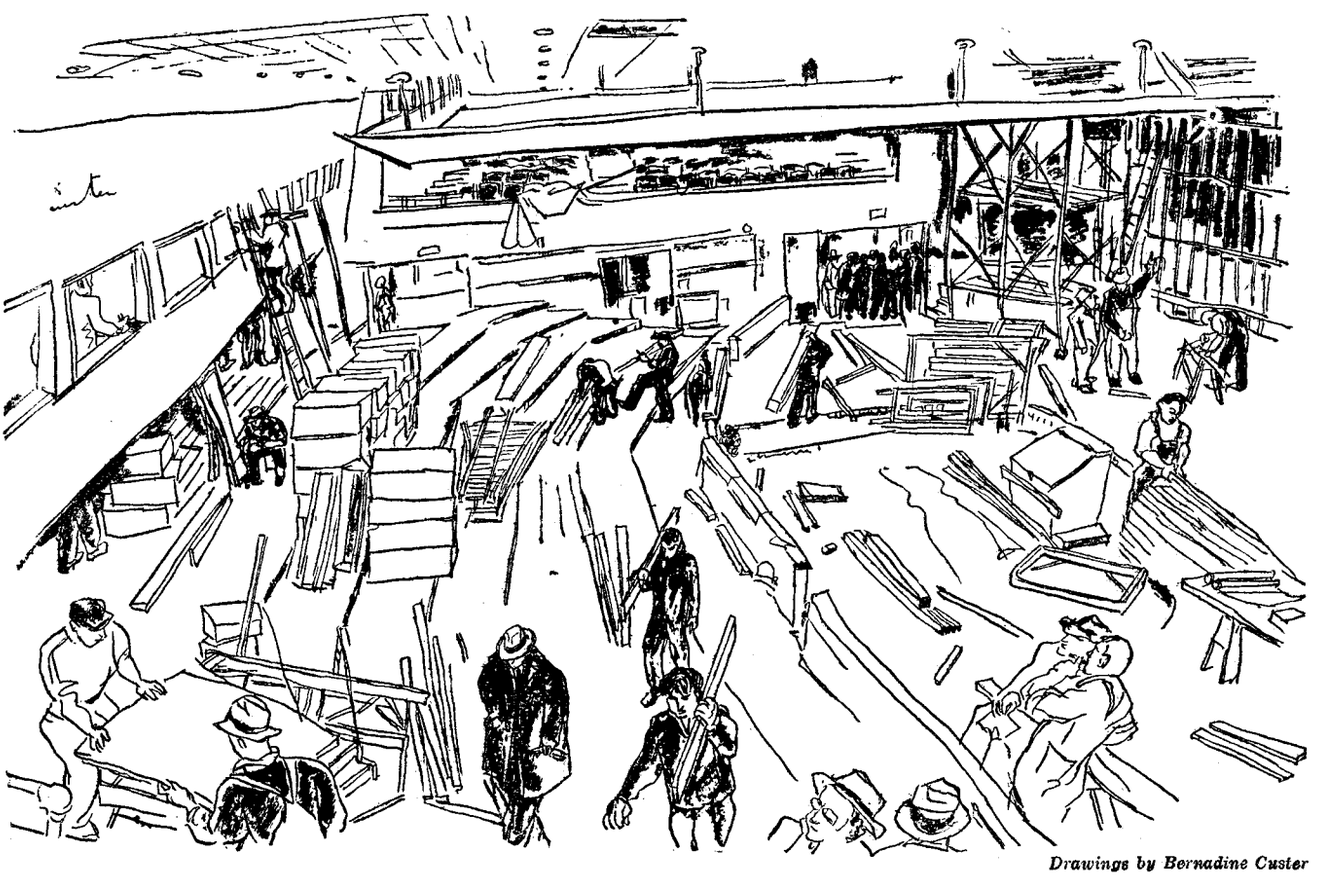
Nearby, the transportation man was worrying about widening the road behind the college for the 30 cars he expected to have. Now he only had four cars and two Navy jeeps. The jeeps were outside, parked near a truck that had driven up with a big load of pipe. "They're for partitions, Mac," a worker explained while the driver moaned out loud, "Jeezus, we're supposed to be in Mount Vernon right now. Let's get out of here. . . ."

People were rushing in and out of the main entrance now: an old man carrying containers of coffee. . . . "It's for the carpenters . . . they don't even have time to go to the toilet any more"; men carrying big boxes stamped by Softone Acoustical and Insulation Division of the Pressuretube, Inc., of Chicago; Robert Gantt, who started working the night before as a messenger boy and was still all excited about it; two unhappy workers from the Timbermen, Hod Hoist Carpenters, Core Drillers and United Brotherhood of Journeymen's Helpers' Union, Local 1,536, who were waiting for the union delegate to get their job credentials in order before they could go to work.

Then there was a chauffeur of one of the UNO Cadillacs who waved and yelled at a pretty secretary near the window, "I'll still take you out to lunch, baby, but you'll have to pay for it."

UP ON the second floor, there was a sign on a door reading, "Language Section: Mr. J. Iribarren, Captain P. Grigorovich-Barsky and Major G. Sampson." Nobody was inside, though, except a British woman, Mrs. Tate, who said she worked for Captain P. Grigorovich-Barsky. Right now she was helping out the British Major Sampson because her Russian typewriter hadn't yet arrived. She wasn't sure about Mr. Iribarren, but maybe he was Spanish.

Just then Captain P. Grigorovich-Barsky came in and there was a rapid flurry of Russian explanations and then he smiled and said in perfect English, "Sorry, but nothing doing. Information downstairs."



Drawings by Bernadine Custer

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Back at the gym, nobody had time for conversation except a painter in the press gallery who talked while he worked. "Believe me," he was saying, "we got a fortune of painters here. They're putting on more and more every minute and everybody is busy like a little bee. In one week I never think you should see such a change in a place. I'm telling ya, it's marvelous, absolutely marvelous. That's the only word for it."

Behind the gallery was the sun deck where Waves once went to absorb their vitamin D. Now workers were busy installing telephone booths. On the door, though, there was still the sign, "You must be dressed discreetly at all times on the sun deck. Officers Only. . . ."

Workers were already unloading long pipes downstairs at the swimming pool and the construction superviser, Clifford Faulkner, explained how the job would be done. First they'd put up this steel frame inside the pool, then top it with big beams and cover that with a two-inch slab of concrete. Then maybe linoleumize that. The whole thing wouldn't take more than two days and there was nothing special about the job except that it was for the UNO, "and the UNO is to make sure that this was worthwhile," he added, pointing to his discharge button.

Walking past the pool, through a long tunnel lined with lockers, you entered the other building. There, in the lobby, was a long line of waiting job applicants. Inside the personnel office, the secretary confided that she was really a newspaperwoman but this was the only UNO job she could get right now. "I've been here a week, so I'm a veteran compared to the others."

Her boss, Mr. Randolph, was on the phone trying to persuade someone in Washington to come down and work for the UNO. "We have a basic need for a man like you," he was saying, and from his smile you could tell that the person at the other end of the line had weakened.

After he finished, he quickly told how there had been about 1,000 written job applications and 600 personal ones almost every day so far and the only jobs they had to offer right now were for clerks and charwomen. "And even those are on a one-month renewable contract," he added. By the time they got around to accepting applications for permanent positions, it would probably be on an international recruitment basis, with written competitive examinations.

Among the personal applications, many were like the lawyer who simply said that he wanted a UNO job "because if UNO fails, then there won't be any more law practice." Randolph said that reminded him of the atomic expert who said, "The atomic age is here to stay; the question is, are we?"

The funniest applicant that Randolph remembered was the man who said he could do anything and then suddenly burst into a song he had written about the UNO. "It was a dilly," he commented.

A last look around the buildings before leaving revealed that there was a wall and shelves in front of the Information Desk that hadn't been there before; most of the steel frame had already been set up inside the swimming pool and a man was busily plugging in four switchboards just outside of it; a new shift of workers had come on to stay the rest of the night and the clattering was just as loud and everybody was just as busy as before.

A woman from the architect's office was watching the work's progress when she said, "Now if the Security Council does as well as these workers have done. . . ."

UNO's Trygve Lie

by Alfred Joachim Fischer

TRYGVE LIE, Secretary General of the UNO, began his political career at the age of ten, when he borrowed a horse and cart on election day and rode through the suburbs of Aker, near Oslo. He offered passers-by a lift, and those who accepted were set down at the polls after being given a harangue from the labor viewpoint.

Norway's former Foreign Minister, like Bevin, owes his political career to the confidence of the trade unions. At the age of fifteen he was enrolled in the Labor Party. He was then working after school as an errand boy to support his widowed mother, and expected to become a carpenter, like his father. His teachers, however, recognized his gifts and advised him to continue his studies. He won a scholarship to the university at Oslo, where he studied law. During this period he was a member of the Trade Union Executive.

By 1919, Trygve Lie had established himself as a lawyer, and acted as secretary to the Central Executive of the Norwegian Labor Party and legal adviser to the trade unions. He was responsible for obtaining many

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wage concessions and a progressive labor-arbitration law. He also played a prominent part in the administration of Aker, his native town. In 1926 he was elected to the National Executive of his party. Nine years later, when Lie, at 38, was serving his first term in the Storting, Johan Nygaardsvold invited him to join the Labor government as Minister of Justice. Lie has always belonged to the left wing of the Labor Party, as his books testify. In 1931 he published *The Anti-Labor Laws and the Battle Against Them* and *The New Labor Arbitration Law*, jointly with Viggo Hansteen, whom Terboven made into a trade-union martyr during the occupation.

WHEN the war broke out, Lie was Minister for Supply and Shipping. In anticipation of a blockade, he started a program to store supplies. Norway was the only country in Europe which did not have to introduce gasoline rationing during the first months of the war, and when Germany submitted her ultimatum she had unprecedented reserves of grain and fuel. As the Germans invaded, Lie escaped to British headquarters in northern Norway with the King and government. In spite of great difficulties, he succeeded in keeping the troops supplied in the fighting around Tromso and Aandalsnes. But his outstanding achievement of those days was to save the Norwegian merchant fleet for the Allies. Working day and night with a number of experts in a small mountain hotel, he managed to snatch four million tons of shipping from the Germans and evolved provisional measures to requisition the entire Norwegian merchant fleet for his government. Over the short-wave radio he ordered Norwegian ships to put in at Allied ports. The thousand ships saved were a major factor in winning the Battle of the Atlantic.

In 1940 Lie took over the Ministry for Foreign Affairs provisionally, and in 1942 in a permanent capacity. He won friends and concessions from the diplomatic corps in London while keeping in close contact with the Home Front. His information services worked smoothly. The blowing-up of a Norwegian bridge, for example, was often known in London sooner than in Oslo. Lie himself went to Norway for several weeks during the war via the underground. Chain-smoking Turkish cigarettes with his usual aplomb, he afterwards told his London friends who remarked on his long disappearance, "I have been extremely busy."

Lie spent his honeymoon in 1921 visiting the Soviet Union to see the development of a socialist state. He and his wife were hindered by the loss of their suitcases; no clothes could be bought and they were unable to attend any meetings, because their only set of underwear was on the clothesline. This experience, however, did not result in an anti-Soviet complex. It is his conviction that Russia is as interested, for security reasons, in a free and independent Norway as are England and America. It was he who called on Maisky in London in August, 1941, to reëstablish diplomatic relations. In his first speech before the United Nations Assembly, Lie spoke of "international unity," citing the example of Björnson, the great national poet of Norway, who had fought for the freedom of the oppressed Poles, Czechs and Slovaks forty years earlier. And frequently he refers to Fridtjof Nansen, the explorer and humanitarian, who regarded a world peace without Russia's active coöperation as an impossibility. Yet Lie has also said, when asked what he thought of England, "The mentality of the British is so familiar to me that I even think in the same way as they do." He has been noted for his efforts for closer Scandinavian coöperation, to make the northern countries serve as an ideological bridge between Russia and the West.

The fact that Lie's straightforward political life lifts him above any suspicion of favoring any power group or groups makes him a suitable man to act as "servant of the world," as he interprets his new task. His country, which gladly records this honor as an appreciation of its gallant resistance, is respected by all and feared by none. Norway is one of those small nations unburdened by inverted inferiority complexes and hence free from chauvinism. Trygve Lie can look back on a great Norwegian tradition.

DESPITE his bulkiness, Lie's special hobby is sport. For many years chairman of the Workers' Sports Union, he skis, plays tennis and football. During his exile, he rooted for the Chelsea football team, and described his fervent cheering as "healthy lung exercise." He likes young people and his flat in London became the rendezvous for young Norwegians and soldiers on leave. His political friends claim that he used to bribe his three daughters with ice cream to have them in the front row of any audience he addressed.

Lie is a good mixer and a good organizer. He speaks English, French, German and a little Russian. He starts work early and works till late at night with only a short mid-day rest. His UNO colleagues may find the following hints useful. As a rule Lie is gentle and good-tempered. Disturbances when he is tired or engaged in some important work may cause an occasional outburst, but an apology invariably comes within half an hour. He never sulks—with one exception; he may sit brooding for days if a member of his family forgets his birthday.

Alfred Joachim Fischer is a native of Germany who has traveled through more than twenty countries since 1933. He is at present living in England, where he has been a correspondent for several Scandinavian newspapers. He has written for the New Statesman and Nation, *the* Contemporary Review, *the Yorkshire* Post *and other periodicals in Great Britain and Canada.*

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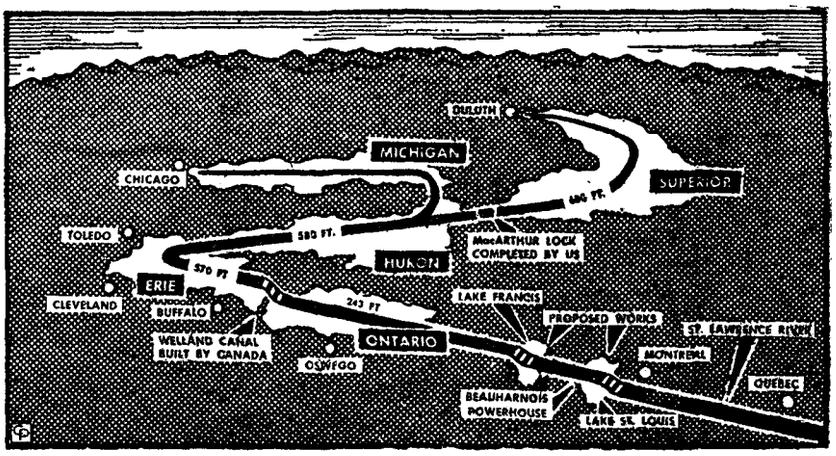
The St. Lawrence Project

by George Soule



THE MYSTERY about the St. Lawrence project is not why it ought to be built, but why it was not built long ago. Who is against it, and why?

This idea was recommended before the First World War. The basic survey was made in 1921 by Colonel Hugh L. Cooper, America's greatest authority on river development, who designed the Dnieperstroy Dam in Russia. The plan was backed in succession by Presidents Coolidge, Hoover, Franklin D. Roosevelt and Truman. It was advocated by Secretaries of State Hughes, Kellogg, Stimson, Hull and Byrnes, by New York Governors Smith, Roosevelt, Lehman and Dewey, by Secretaries of the Navy Edison and Knox. It is recommended by the Joint Chiefs of Staff and the War Department. It has had wide support by business, agriculture and labor, by conservatives and progressives, by the Midwest, New York and the New England states. It is favored by Canada. It awaits only action by the Congress of the United States.

Since the project is such an old story, let us refresh our minds on some of its details before turning to the opposition.

Power. – The development would supply more hydroelectric power than Boulder Dam, more than the entire output of the TVA in 1944. It would be outranked only by Grand Coulee. It would turn out 13 billion kilowatt-hours a year. This is the cheapest undeveloped power in the United States. Its cost at the station would be about one mill per k.w.h. This power would be available within a 300-mile radius at a minimum, covering most of New York State, New England and adjacent regions in Canada. New England, with the exception of Connecticut, now has the highest average power rates in the United States. Growth of industry in the region to be served has been blocked by insufficient power.

Navigation. – The development would enable deep-sea ships to steam up the St. Lawrence from the Atlantic Ocean, load and unload at Great Lakes ports such as Duluth, Milwaukee, Chicago, Detroit, Cleveland, Buffalo. It would in effect bring the ocean 2,351 miles into the heart of the continent. Grain, automobiles, machinery, bulky and heavy products of all kinds would thus have access to the Atlantic coast and foreign ports without transshipment, and at low ocean freight rates.

What Remains to Be Done. – Most of this waterway is already navigable. Ocean vessels can now go up the river as far as Montreal. They could sail in each of the Great Lakes. Some dredging between Lakes Huron and Erie—in the St. Clair and Detroit Rivers—and in the Welland Canal, already built by Canada around Niagara, would open to deep-water ships all the Lakes and the St. Lawrence River down to Ogdensburg, New York. There remains the 113-mile bottleneck of the International Rapids between Ogdensburg and Montreal, less than five percent of the whole route. Here would be built the dam to use the gigantic head of water, and locks to go around it—a single entity with a dual purpose. You could not have the locks without the dam. It would be foolish to build the dam without the locks. In addition, improvement of 18 miles of the Soulanges Canal and 13 miles of the Lachine Canal would be required.

And the Cost. – The cost is to be divided between Canada and the United States. Canada has already spent $133 million and would be credited with that amount. New York State would pay about $100 million for the American share of the power rights. The remainder, to be borne by the United States, would be about $200 million—one day's cost of war.

The Arguments Against the Plan. – The opponents of the plan betray themselves by employing arguments that cancel out. When speaking in the general interest, they try to prove that the development is impractical and would not be worth the cost. The waterway would be iced up for five months a year. It would, they say, not be used by ocean vessels because of navigation hazards. Salt-water ships are not built for fresh water. One learned study some years ago asserted that it would be cheaper to build new railroad trackage to handle an equivalent amount of traffic. As for the

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power, the old private-utility contention is trotted out that steam plants have lower costs, all things considered, than waterpower. This has been used against every public hydro improvement.

But sectional and occupational interests take quite a different line. Business groups on the seaboard engaged in freighting and transshipment contend that the traffic would be so large as to injure Atlantic ports, that it would even take business away from New Orleans and Texas. Manufacturers near the coast are inspired to fear that they would lose the advantage in foreign trade which now is supposed to accrue to them from high freight rates from the interior. Reductions of cost, it is contended, would benefit foreigners, not Americans. Railroad labor and the coal miners have been made stooges for the opposition, presumably by persuasion that the project would so injure rail traffic and the utility market for coal as to threaten their jobs.

The enemies of the development can't have it both ways. Either the traffic would flow or it would not. As a matter of fact, exhaustive investigation by the Department of Commerce in 1941 disproved the basic charges. The project is practicable and would lower present costs. The seven months of open water are the heaviest traffic months. The hypothetical extra railroads or steam power plants to act as substitutes have never been constructed.

But all this does not mean that the railroads and the Atlantic ports would be rendered obsolete. If America had been built on the assumption that every expansion or improvement would take existing business away from some region or vested interest without adding anything to the income of all, we should still be traveling on horseback and getting our hardware from the village blacksmith. New York, Boston and Baltimore would be important ports for sailing vessels serving a nation of 10 or 15 million people, instead of the deserted villages they are now. Stage-coach drivers would have had no competition from locomotive engineers, and might be getting as much as 25 cents a day.

THE PROJECT has been held up by delaying tactics of all kinds. During the depression we could not afford it; existing facilities were ample. During the war it would have diverted materials and labor from the war effort. Now it is inflationary. There are people who want the power without the seaway, or the seaway without the power—or any modification which would entail new and lengthy negotiations with Canada, involving a chance that Canada would not agree.

Senator Mead of New York, for instance, favors the power project but not the seaway. Furthermore, he thinks we should do the job not on the basis of an executive agreement with Canada (which we do have) but on the basis of a treaty (which we do not have). To favor the power project without the seaway means losing the votes of the Midwestern Senators and Representatives and so probably defeating the resolution. Senator Mead, who heretofore has been known as a progressive, is probably reflecting the supposed interests of the railway labor organizations. But whose interest is really being served?

The Basis of the Opposition. – Two significant facts have been brought out by Senators La Follette of Wisconsin and Aiken of Vermont. When the development was first proposed, it was promoted by manufacturing and power interests and was favored by the great Western railroads. If it had not been, would Coolidge and Hoover have supported it? But since then, the attitude of these business interests has changed.

On the power side, the state of New York under Governors Smith and Roosevelt firmly established the principle that the state should control distribution in such a way as to extend the benefits of lower costs to the consumer. Under the New Deal, Roosevelt established the same principle for federal hydroelectric developments. The utilities, as we well know, would rather have no power than public yardsticks. Therefore the private interests who 25 years ago were willing to finance the whole project are now inspiring people to say that it is too costly and would be useless.

The Western railroads which once supported the plan are now silent, while the Association of Railway Executives is on record in opposition. The files of the Interstate Commerce Commission show that the 30 largest owners of the trunk-line railroads include mainly individuals and firms in New York and Boston. Doubtless the attitude of Eastern roads, and of the power interests as well, are influential in their councils.

There is a strong suspicion that these big interests, through representatives in business associations of all kinds, have created fellow travelers to disguise their activities. The technique of big utility propaganda, uncovered by various congressional investigations in the prewar years, has been further developed.

We need not suppose that the utilities and the Eastern railroads really believe all the arguments mobilized against the plan. Competition in transportation and power production in the past has not divided an existing total of traffic and sales; it has increased that total. It has done so, however, by decreasing rates. That is what they probably fear. The experience of Commonwealth and Southern, which, when forced by TVA competition to lower its rates, sold so much more power that it made more profit than ever, has not been taken to heart.

Europeans are on the point of starvation because American pledges to UNRRA have not been fulfilled. Midwestern elevators are bursting with grain to keep those pledges; the railroads, however, did not move enough wheat until specific priority orders were issued. During the war they have been choked with freight; if we have full employment and an expanding economy they will have more than they can carry.

Will anyone contend that the great industrial and

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farming regions of New York and New England, if offered cheaper power, cannot use all that may be offered and will not benefit from it? Can the railroad brotherhoods, or John L. Lewis, or Senator Mead, or the multifarious business organizations which have been opposing the plan, afford to have it said that they have been doing the dirty work for monopolists obstructing economic development? Is defeat of the St. Lawrence project the kind of demonstration of private enterprise we are about to offer the world as against the expressed ambition of Stalin, under Russian socialism, to "overtake and surpass" our production?

The Thousand-Dollar Necktie

by Potomacus

"THAT'S A NICE TIE you've got there," I said. It was a beauty—rich green silk with a hand-painted jungle sunburst on it.

The fat man who had taken the seat opposite mine at the table fingered his tie softly and smiled. "It ought to be," he said, "it set me back $985."

I set my martini down on the table a little harder than I should have and whistled.

"Yes, I would have whistled too, in 1939, if someone had approached me with a necktie costing nearly $1,000," said the fat man. "But that was in 1939. Last Christmas I bought each one of our salesmen a $50 tie; you should have seen them blink when I handed them over." He chuckled.

"Things were different in 1939," I said.

"Yes," he replied, "there weren't so many ways to make money . . . so many angles."

"For instance?" I asked. Florida has always been the mecca for "anglers."

He looked at me rather cagily. I knew that he was sizing me up, but I also knew that the liquor was mellowing him, making him expand a bit. He drained his glass, signaled the waiter for another Scotch and said, "In those days you had to hump to sell goods. When we had a bad season like the cool spring of that year, we got stuck with plenty of dresses. Why, on New Year's Day, 1940, our stock list showed 2,000 dozen dresses in stock. That's a lot of dresses—especially when no one wants them."

I nodded sympathetically.

"Sometimes," he said, pretending to study his fresh drink but darting swift glances at me, "a guy could make a few bucks on an underestimation of his floor tax, or by phony overtime records. I never did it—too risky. I just stuck to selling goods. I waited for the breaks. A smart operator always does."

"And I'll bet you took full advantage of them when they came," I said with fake admiration. I was dying to get the story he was dying to tell me.

"I'll say I did," the fat man replied. "That's why I can afford to spend this winter in Florida instead of freezing up North, and that's why I can afford $1,000 neckties and a $100-a-day room. I got mine while the going was good. If I had played them the same old way I'd be back in the factory now, worrying like some of the other guys in the rag business." He snorted, and I snorted back in sympathy. He liked that. He leaned over the little table and said to me:

"Young fella, I like your looks; take my advice and always play the angles."

"What angles?"

"Well, take that surtax business back in 1941. Defense plants were springing up all over the country. All of our old dresses were cleaned out. People were getting big money and buying like mad. Merchants wired me, telephoned me, begging for goods. I knew I had them where I wanted them. I waited until all of them had placed their orders with us for winter garments. Then, about a month before shipping their goods, I sent them their invoice. The goods were billed at their regular price—but we tacked a little 15-percent 'surcharge.' For 'added cost of labor and materials,' you know."

He winked and I said, "But didn't the dealers kick?"

The fat man smiled tenderly and said, "Sure they did—but what could they do? It was too late to place their orders elsewhere; they had to take the dresses or we'd sell them to someone else. We made 15 percent over our regular markup—boy, what an operation!

"Once I saw how easy it was, I dreamed up all sorts of angles to make a little more. We bought cheaper goods, put on wooden buttons instead of metal, put size 14 tags on 12's, replaced finished seams with unfinished ones—boy, we didn't overlook a trick. Why when the war started even the government helped us; the WPB ordered us to cut down on the number of styles and to cut out certain details in the dresses—without lowering our price. It was wonderful; we made money hand over fist and had the jerk dealers at our mercy after they had lorded it over us for so many years."

"What happened when the OPA came into the picture?" I asked. He was now on his fifth Scotch, so he didn't notice where I was leading him.

Potomacus is an office pseudonym.

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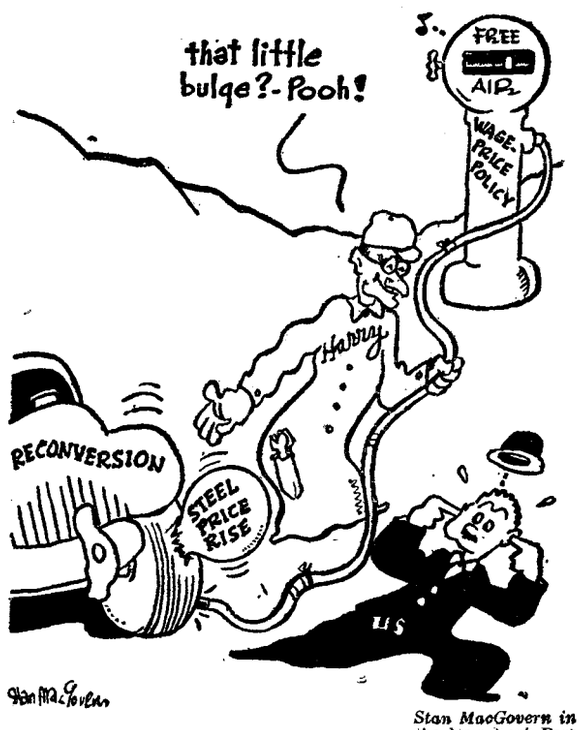
"At first we were a little leary. We had had some trouble with the NLRB and the wage-hours bureaucrats. The war was still young, and no one wanted to do anything unpatriotic. We waited. Goods became tighter and tighter. Then some of the dealers began to hint they'd pay a little more for goods if they could get them. We took 'em up on it. More and more dealers came in and pretty soon we were selling hardly any dresses at the ceiling figure we had given OPA. That was a good angle, but someone squealed and OPA slapped a suit on us and collected over $200,000. By that time we could afford it—and more. But we seemed to be on a spot with the patriots of the country, and the newspaper boys began to call us up. So I quick got hold of my lawyers—plenty smart boys—and told them to make me up a statement for the newspapers. 'Tell 'em I said that "we are absolutely not guilty in this case, but we're so busy with war orders we can't stop to fight it. The war comes first, etc., etc." ' Pretty cute, eh? A lot of guys gave us the benefit of the doubt.

"Well, a smart guy can find plenty of angles, I always say. Do you know how OPA allows us our ceiling price? On a cost-plus basis. We figure the cost of the material, labor, etc., add our regular markup, and that's our price. So I figured out, why take a good piece of cloth, add a nice ornament and figure your markup, when you can add a cheap ornament? You are careful to see that a friend in the ornament business overcharges you plenty for it, and then you get a bigger markup—and a kickback from your ornamental friend.

"There's an angle on labor costs, too. Our foreman lost the old chart of labor cost, we claim, so we have to make up a new one; if he overestimates labor charges who can tell he didn't make a mistake? To err is only human, you know. . . .



Stan MacGovern in the New York Post

"But sooner or later the OPA investigators start butting in—they've got former clothing people who get around—and you have to figure new angles. You have to move fast, too. But the trouble is worth it; you can really clean up before they smell anything. We made a fistful by billing dresses and belts separately."

"What about the OPA-CPA program of pre-ticketing low-end goods?" I asked.

He leered, getting kind of bleary now. "Suppose you forget to put the OPA price tickets on—or suppose you put them on loosely, so they fall off in the box?"

"Did you ever run out of angles?" I asked.

"Not me," he beamed. "How do you like the one where we buy enough material to run, say, 200 dozen and report we came out with only 150 dozen? We can always claim that the help today is inexperienced, that a lot of goods was cut wrong, and then have 50 extra dozen to play with, at or over ceiling prices."

He waved his arm. "But the way you make the big money—the way I got most of mine—is dealing in piece goods. Here we were, making a lot of army stuff and getting priorities for scarce materials. Why be dumb, I thought—here's a real angle. So I'd buy materials on my priority, 'sell' them to my brother-in-law who's a piece-goods jobber, and he'd sell them at a fat profit to another manufacturer; then he'd kick back to me. I made money selling the goods to my brother-in-law, he'd make money selling them to the manufacturer, the manufacturer makes his goods on a cost-plus basis so he doesn't care, and then I get another cut. The customer foots the bill for all of us. How do you like that one?"

I shook my head admiringly and he continued.

"But let me tell you about our biggest and juiciest operation. A contact man for a big piece-goods operator came to me one day with a real big offer . . . millions of yards of scarce piece goods if I would play ball and use my head. Here's the way it went: I bought the goods for cash—usually at about 10 cents a yard over the ceiling. My trucks would pick up the stuff at secret spots and bring it to our warehouse. Then I'd send some 'runners' out to peddle the goods to other manufacturers at higher prices, of course. Naturally my name couldn't be used; we'd bill these people on invoices with phony firm names. One of them had the address of the U. S. Post Office. I used one letterhead with an OPA official's name and phone number on it. I never could resist a good gag, even in business.

"Our transactions were too big for a lot of the smaller fry to pay cash, so we had to take checks. Our phony firms had no bank accounts, and I couldn't endorse the checks myself, of course. But I had an angle on that one, too. I arranged to have the checks cashed with a couple of currency exchanges at a higher rate than their regular charges. They played ball, especially when they saw the size of their rake-off."

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"How much did you make from that deal?" I asked.

"I don't know exactly," the fat man replied. "But we got rid of around five million yards that way. We bought the goods at 20 to 30 cents a yard and sold them for 60 to 70 cents a yard. That give you an idea?"

I nodded, thought a minute, and said, "Didn't I read in the papers about a grand jury up North indicting several men for that kind of deal?"

His eyes twinkled, but he merely said, "H-m-m-m. Guess I'd better leave—want to make the first at Hialeah."

"One more thing," I asked as we rose. "Couldn't you have made pretty good money if you hadn't gone in for the angles?"

"Of course," replied the fat man caressing his tie. "But then I'd be wearing only a hundred-dollar tie instead of a thousand-dollar one."

Texas Is Boiling

by Bruce Bliven

Fort Worth

TEXAS is boiling. In no other American state are the lines of the struggle for power more clearly in evidence. In Texas, political progressives, trade unionists, leaders of consumers' coöperatives, are all fighting gamely and hard against the strongly entrenched forces of wealth and privilege. On some segments of the battle front, at least, the progressives have a good chance to win.

Two years ago, the "Texas Regulars" tried to capture the Democratic Party in that state for the anti-Roosevelt, anti-New Deal forces—forces in every way identical with the extreme conservative wing of the Republican Party. That effort failed; but the men who made it are still around, still extremely powerful. They are represented in the Senate by Pappy O'Daniel, who talks with the Left and votes with the Right; by a full half of the Texas delegation in the national House of Representatives; by Governor Coke Stevenson; by Lieutenant Governor John Lee Smith; by most of the state's newspapers and radio stations.

Years ago Texas was a stronghold of progressivism. Populism was born there; so was the Farmers' Union. But today, the state is dominated by powerful business elements representing oil, natural gas, sulphur and large-scale operations in cattle and cotton. The city population is comparatively small as against that of the towns and ranches. Trade unions have only about 200,000 members and many of the rank and file have not yet learned that labor must fight on the political as well as the economic front. The same is true of a big part of the 200,000 people in the coöperative movement. Their leaders, however, are usually more politically minded than the average member.

Just now the state is seething over the race for the governorship; the all-important election, as in every one-party state, is the Democratic primary late this summer. The chief candidate of the progressives will undoubtedly be Dr. Homer P. Rainey, former president of the University of Texas at Austin, who was forced out by an ultra-reactionary Board of Regents in violation of academic freedom, civil liberties, common sense and decency. Dr. Rainey has lately been speaking on a daily radio program and has had an amazing success. He is likely to be opposed in the primary by half a dozen candidates, including one or more of the reactionary group of Governor Stevenson, Lieutenant Governor Smith and Senator O'Daniel. If you ask a Texan why Pappy would dream of leaving the Senate to run again for Governor of Texas, you are told that Pappy moves in mysterious ways; and you are reminded that he is one candidate who makes money out of his campaigns, since he charges admission to his meetings.

Many Texas liberals believe that the entrenched forces of wealth and privilege on a national scale have singled out their state as a test case to determine what money can do to maintain the status quo. And certainly, there is plenty of home-grown conservatism to help them.

Pamphleteering.—How seriously Texans are taking their state problems is shown by the rash of political journalism which has broken out all over the state. Half a dozen four or six-page statewide weeklies or fortnightlies are being published, of which by far the best is the *Texas Spectator*, put out by a bright young group of newspapermen in Austin. In a huge state like Texas, a special periodical is almost a necessity to let progressives in one part of the state know what those in another part (24 hours away by train) are doing and thinking.

Reconversion.—Texas, like every other part of the country, is singing the Reconversion Blues. There is a shortage of everything—except blue sky and sunshine. In city after city I was told the same story: labor is

Bruce Bliven, an editor of the New Republic, *is touring the West. He will report on conditions in several states.*

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scarce, raw materials of many kinds almost unobtainable. The tight labor situation accentuates the strained racial relations, as employers are forced to hire Negroes or Mexican Americans and to pay and treat them better than is agreeable to the Ku Klux Klan and Christian American sentiment which is still prevalent in Texas.

But the tide is beginning to turn. There are 11,000 out of work in Fort Worth, a city of 125,000. Most of the big airplane factories, which used to employ 50,000 or 60,000 men, are down to "experimental operations" with only a few thousand at work. Large numbers of war workers who came from the farms to the towns, or from Northern states to Texas, like it where they are and don't want to go back. A really serious depression could lead to trouble.

Battercake Flats. – Fort Worth is an up and coming community, with skyscrapers, broad paved streets, traffic congestion—in fact, all modern conveniences. Yet, five minutes from the courthouse steps, it has one of the worst slum sections I ever saw. Battercake Flats is a Hooverville with women and children—lots of them. I have been told that most of them are white Nordic Protestants. These ragged cousins of the Joads live in packing-box huts and abandoned buses. There is no sewage system and no running water—the Battercakers buy their water by the pailful from a filling station a quarter of a mile away, and don't buy much. The small children go uptown afternoons and beg; the older daughters go later and earn money by other means. The Flats breed disease and crime for the whole community.

The point is, of course, that the Texas "Regulars," while they won't admit it, are warmly in favor of Battercake Flats. Survival of the fittest, you know. Free enterprise. No coddling. But to the credit of Texas as a whole, an increasing proportion of her citizens want to put an end to Battercake Flats and similar conditions elsewhere. They are going to fight, and fight hard, to make postwar Texas a place which postwar Texans can boost unashamedly, and even more loudly.

The Age of Jackson

by Arthur M. Schlesinger Jr.

THE TWO great periods of acute class tension in our history were the age of Andrew Jackson and the age of Franklin Roosevelt. The actions and motives of the New Deal are still suspect in certain quarters as "un-American." No one can impeach Jackson on this ground. His administration is thus of special value in revealing the essential spirit of American democracy. Jackson's problems were of idyllic simplicity compared to the problems which face us, but we have a good deal to learn, not only from his militant, uncompromising temper, but from the pattern of social forces in his day —a pattern virtually identical with that of the New Deal and likely to be the pattern of a future crisis. When that crisis comes, persons with special interests at stake will try to prevent necessary government action by crying "un-American," "undemocratic" and so on, as they did in the age of Jackson. These cries must be exposed, the lies nailed down. The margin will be too narrow for us to try to grapple with the future one hand tied behind our backs.

If we understand fully what our great democratic leaders have done, we will at least do the best and most we can to achieve economic stability without sacrificing individual liberty. If our leadership is frightened by false interpretations of what is American or what is democratic, forced upon the country by the powerful propaganda of the great corporations, our effort may not be enough. Our failure may mean the failure of free institutions throughout the world.

Our story begins with the crisis of American democracy created by the spread of industrialism to a society whose presuppositions were derived from an agricultural way of life.

THE AMERICA of Jefferson had begun to disappear before Jefferson himself had retired from the presidential chair. That paradise of small farms, each man secure on his own freehold, resting under his own vine and fig-trees, was already darkened by the shadow of impending change. For Jefferson, Utopia had cast itself in the form of a nation of husbandmen. "Those who labor in the earth," he had said, "are the chosen people of God, if ever He had a chosen people"; and the American dream required that the land be kept free from the corruptions of industrialism. "While we have land to labor then, let us never wish to see our

This is the first of ten instalments from The Age of Jackson (*Little, Brown*), *condensed by the author, Arthur M. Schlesinger Jr., who has added some new material further to point up the many parallels between our own times and those of a century ago. Mr. Schlesinger is now working on* The Age of Roosevelt.

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citizens occupied at a work-bench, or twirling a distaff." Far better to send our materials to Europe for manufacture, than to bring workingmen to these virgin shores, and with them their manners and principles." "The mobs of great cities," he concluded ominously, "add just so much to the support of pure government, as sores do to the strength of the human body."

But actuality was betraying the dream. Jefferson's own administration became a series of notations on the doom of his Utopia. However wiser it might have been to leave the workshops in Europe, it slowly became more profitable to bring them to the materials. Jefferson himself helped nourish the serpent in his Eden with one of his favorite measures, the Embargo of 1807, which set on firm footing manufacturing establishments started experimentally along the Atlantic coast during the twenty years preceding. The War of 1812 and the British blockade further stimulated domestic manufactures. A protective tariff followed the war, and behind its wall yet more undertakings sprang up.

The farm remained the statistical center of American life, but business enterprise was exerting stronger and stronger claims on the imagination of the people and the action of the government. The number of persons engaged in manufactures increased 127 percent between 1820 and 1840, while agricultural labor increased only 79 percent. The number of city dwellers rose similarly. In 1820 less than a twentieth of the nation lived in communities of eight thousand or over; but two decades later more than a twelfth lived in such places, and more than a ninth in towns larger than two thousand.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON, the brilliant and ambitious aide of General Washington, gave the new industrialism its political philosophy. The precarious days of the Revolution had convinced him that social stability rested on the firm alliance of government and business. No society, he believed, could succeed "which did not unite the interest and credit of rich individuals with those of the state." As early as 1780, he was turning over in his mind plans which would "make it the *immediate* interest of the moneyed men to coöperate with government in its support."

To his conviction of the essential wisdom of the wealthy classes, he added a deep skepticism as to the capacity of the masses for self-government. "All communities," he told the men gathered in Philadelphia to ponder a constitution for the thirteen states, "divide themselves into the few and the many. The first are rich and well-born, the other the mass of the people. . . . The people are turbulent and changing; they seldom judge or determine right." The formula for government was simple. "Give, therefore, to the first class a distinct, permanent share in the government. They will check the unsteadiness of the second, and, as they cannot receive any advantage by a change, they therefore will ever maintain good government."

For Hamilton, then, the problem reduced itself to the invention of means which would secure to the "rich and well-born" their "distinct, permanent share in the government." He projected, as the keystone of a durable alliance, the Bank of the United States—a profit-making institution to be privately owned and to enjoy special access to the public funds—which, as he had earlier observed, would link "the interest of the State in an intimate connection with those of the rich individuals belonging to it." And in his celebrated Report on Manufactures he made a classic statement of the long-run possibilities for business in an alliance with the government.

THIS REPORT was the first great expression of the industrial vision of the American future. Astutely conceding to the Jeffersonian dream that agriculture has "intrinsically a strong claim to pre-eminence over every other kind of industry," Hamilton proposed to show that its *real* interests "will be advanced, rather than injured, by the due encouragement of manufactures." From this premise the Report marched unconquerably on to its conclusion: the plea for government protection of industry. For all its deference to Jeffersonian sensibilities, for all its silence about the political implications of this scheme to build up the business classes, the drift of the Report was unmistakable, and enterprising capitalists could hardly miss it. Though it caused no immediate action, the Report in the long run was supremely successful, serving as an arsenal of argument and inspiration for later generations of Hamiltonians.

Its most persuasive champion after the War of 1812 was Henry Clay of Kentucky, a former Jeffersonian Republican, who reshaped it to appeal to the West, from which he had emerged as the first great political leader. He amplified Hamilton's case for the tariff by expanding the "home-market" argument, with its assurance that industrialism would buy everything the farmers could raise; and he rounded out the program by adding to it the policy of government support of internal improvements, which further won the West.

Henry Clay adorned the Federalist program with all the fascination of his personality, the fire of his rhetoric and the daring of his political management. It acquired a broad emotional significance which the colder Hamilton had never succeeded in giving it. No man in America had a greater gift for exciting intense personal enthusiasm than Clay. A splendid orator, with a sure understanding of the crowd, he was endowed with a magnificent and garish imagination, which caught up and expressed the inarticulate popular feelings in their vague longing, their vulgarity and their wonder. He made Federalism a living vision, replacing the dry logical prose of Hamilton with thrilling pictures of a

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glorious future. The blaze of nationalism suggested a new and disarming name—the American System—and under Clay's solicitous care, this rebaptized Federalism won its way to the inner councils of the government.

THE ROCK on which Alexander Hamilton built his church was the deep-seated conviction that society would be governed best by an aristocracy, and that an aristocracy was based most properly and enduringly on property. Daniel Webster put the argument in its most massive form in his famous speech in the Massachusetts convention. "Power *naturally* and *necessarily* follows property," he declared; and again, "A republican form of government rests not more on political constitution than on those laws which regulate the descent and transmission of property." "It would seem, then," he concluded, "to be the part of political wisdom to found government on property; and to establish such distribution of property, by the laws which regulate its transmission and alienation, as to interest the great majority of society in the protection of the government." "Power and property," as Benjamin Watkins Leigh observed in the Virginia convention, "may be separated for a time by force or fraud—but divorced, never. For, so soon as the pang of separation is felt . . . property will purchase power, or power will take over property. And either way, there must be an end of free Government."

The crucial struggle, then, centered on the extension of the vote to the propertyless masses. "The notion that every man that works a day on the road, or serves an idle hour in the militia," declared the jurist Chancellor Kent with vehemence in the New York convention, "is entitled as of right to an equal participation in the whole power of government, is most unreasonable, and has no foundation in justice." He invoked a favorite image. "Society is an association for the protection of property as well as of life, and the individual who contributes only one cent to the common stock, ought not to have the same power and influence in directing the property concerns of the partnership, as he who contributes his thousands."

But all the logic of neo-Federalism was in vain. Inexorably, the vote passed on to the propertyless classes. And this divorce of political power from property left Federalist logic itself in a perilous position. For if, as Webster had observed, universal manhood suffrage "could not long exist in a community where there was great inequality of property," and if the states were moving constitutionally toward manhood suffrage, did it not become the obligation of faithful Websterians to strive to reduce economic inequality?

At first, the Federalists had drastically underrated the power of the courts. In complete possession of the executive, they had no need of seeking power elsewhere. Even Hamilton dismissed the judiciary as "beyond comparison the weakest of the three departments." Jefferson's victory in 1800 changed the situation. Plunged in despondency, "Hamilton now despaired of the Constitution and pronounced it a "frail and worthless fabric." But a more resourceful statesman appeared to take up the standard of conservatism. If the Federalists were expelled from the executive and legislative branches, at least they still had the judiciary, and John Marshall proposed to make it an impregnable fortress. The Federalist Party, in Van Buren's phrase, was "conducted to the judicial department of the Government, as to an ark of future safety which the Constitution placed beyond the reach of public opinion."

Marshall proceeded brilliantly to fortify the new battle line. During the next quarter of a century, in spite of the hatred of Jefferson, the indignation of the Virginia school, the occasional raids of men like Richard M. Johnson and Martin Van Buren in the Senate, he invincibly expanded the power of the Supreme Court and indirectly the prestige of the whole judiciary. The courts promised to become a perpetual check on popular government, so long as the judges themselves were safe from the penalties of popular disapproval.

FEDERALISM similarly mobilized religion to support its views of society. At the very start, many conservatives, with the discreet skepticism of eighteenth-century gentlemen, considered religion indispensable to restrain the brute appetites of the lower orders but hardly necessary for the upper classes. In 1802 Hamilton, seeking desperately to rejuvenate the Federalist Party, suggested the formation of a Christian Constitutional Society with the twofold purpose of promoting Christianity and the Constitution.

The support of law and religion strengthened Federalism incalculably by identifying the deepest desires of man—toward social stability and religious salvation—with a particular political order. It guaranteed Federalism, moreover, the loyalty of the only groups in the population with an authority not dependent on property. It meant that whatever there was of an aristocracy of status would surely be on the side of the aristocracy of wealth. The combination of judges, clergymen and men of property seemed invincible.

Only the defection of the Southern planters and the rise of new applicants for the aristocracy of status—generals, editors and literary men—whose claims were resisted by the old Federalism, could provide the great mass with leadership in their struggle for political power.

The conservative pressures, working through the Clay wing of the Jeffersonian Party, gradually gained control of the government, a process culminating in the deal by which Clay brought about the election of John Quincy Adams in 1824. In the meantime, dissatisfaction with the conservative leadership had grown, particularly among the debtor population of the West and the planters of the South.

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The impact of the new industrialism in the Northern and Middle states, and particularly of the capitalist organization of what had been journeyman industries, produced another contagion of discontent. Some workingmen were disquieted by the gradual loss of ownership over their means of production, others by their separation from direct contact with the market, others by the disappearance of any feeling of social or economic equality with the moneyed groups, still others simply by the physiological strain of adjusting to new habits of work and discipline.

Shut off from the rest of society, they began to develop a consciousness of class, which helped them recover a sense of human function in a social order that baffled them by its growing impersonality. They held conventions, published addresses, founded labor newspapers and trade unions. Their main effort was to vindicate their social status, to regain a feeling of self-respect and security. Thus their demands centered around education, abolition of imprisonment for debt, reform of the militia system—measures intended to check the tendencies which they felt were turning the working classes into outcasts of the land.

The rising prices of 1824 and 1825 encouraged the workers to undertake fairly aggressive organizing activity, and in 1828 the Mechanics' Union of Trade Associations in Philadelphia sponsored the first workingmen's party. There were several other such parties before the decade was over, some rural, some urban.

National allegiances were vague. Political organizations, such as they were, made only sporadic appeals to the laboring classes. For most of these years, the cultivation of the awakening class consciousness was left to intellectuals, like Robert Dale Owen, George H. Evans and Frances Wright in New York.

The absence of direction was less important than the presence of discontent. The working classes in the North were rendered explosive by a variety of broad frustrations and particular grievances, all of which, more or less, stemmed from the American System and the social philosophy which lay behind it. The depression of 1828-29 fanned this discontent into an imperative demand for action.

TO THE nation, General Andrew Jackson was known primarily as a military hero. In the Revolution, an English officer had slashed him with a saber for refusing to clean a pair of boots. In the War of 1812 he had shown great energy and resource in putting down some Indian uprisings, and in 1815, after the treaty of peace had been signed, he won at New Orleans the greatest American victory of the war. His nominal profession was the law, and he had served in the House of Representatives and Senate of the United States, as well as on the Tennessee Supreme Court. For the decade past, his life had been mainly that of a Tennessee gentleman, living on a fine plantation near Nashville, entertaining his friends, racing his horses and heatedly talking politics. In 1828 he was 61 years old.

In the republic's early years, martial reputation had counted little for future political success. But the broadening of the suffrage, the thrill of surging nationalism and the declining glamor of the old ruling class created a favorable atmosphere for new idols, and the War of 1812 promptly produced the military hero. The old aristocracy resented such vulgar and *parvenu* prestige, and a man with Jackson's credentials was almost forced into the opposition. Moreover, while the newly enfranchised and chauvinistic masses regarded the military hero with wild enthusiasm, to the old aristocracy, raised on classical analogies, no figure could seem more dangerous to the republic.

TALL AND THIN, his white hair pushed straight back from his forehead, his long face reamed with wrinkles, his eyes sharp and commanding, Jackson was a noble and impressive figure, with a natural grandeur that few could resist. Many in this bitter day shared the emotions of the conservative Boston merchant who watched out of his window to catch a glimpse of the old General, "regarding him very much as he might have done some dangerous monster which was being led captive past his house." When Jackson finally appeared, his hatred abruptly collapsed. Exclaiming, "Do some one come here and salute the old man!" he thrust his small daughter forward to wave her handkerchief. Jackson, as Josiah Quincy said, "wrought a mysterious charm upon old and young."

By 1829 he was technically a sick man—many thought dying. His head throbbed with splitting pains apparently produced by years of tobacco chewing, and his lean frame shook with a hacking consumptive cough. Yet, while his face grew whiter and more haggard, his spirit was grim and indomitable.

At White House receptions he remained urbane, though reserved and somewhat formal. Among his intimates he cast off his gravity, becoming sociable and sympathetic. He smoked with fierce energy, usually an old Powhatan bowl pipe with a long stem which he rested on his crossed legs, while he puffed out great white clouds until the whole room was "so obfuscated that one could hardly breathe." Or, after the Tennessee custom, he would chew and spit at regular intervals, even while conducting the affairs of state.

He spoke quickly and forcibly, often emphasizing his points by raising a clenched hand in a brief, sharp gesture. "He obviously had a hidden vein of humor," reported Henry A. Wise, for many years a bitter foe, "loved aphorism, and could politely convey a sense of smart travesty. If put upon his mettle, he was very positive, but gravely respectful." When his mind was made up, he would draw down the left corner of his mouth, giving his face, as one observer noted, "a peculiar 'G—d damn me' expression."

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Washington Notes

Churchill—and Our Own Conservatives

IN THE MIDST of war alarms, the comings and goings of Winston Churchill, the departure of Mr. Pauley, the formation of a conservative coalition of poll-tax Southerners and Republicans in Congress and other fateful signs and portents, the Japanese cherry blossoms for no good reason at all took it into their heads to bloom last week, six days ahead of any time previously recorded, thereby adding to the general confusion. It is all part of the current unrest. After months of absence, grim-faced Gromyko, the Soviet ambassador, also finally returned to the capital, restoring at least one-way Moscow-Washington communication at a time of breathless crisis. We may even get our own ambassador, Bedell Smith, over to Moscow pretty soon now, too, after having left the spot vacant at a critical time.

Just to polish off Mr. Churchill—first, we have to admit that we loved watching him at the off-the-record Overseas Writers' Club luncheon here, wearing a blue polka-dot bow tie, a cherubic expression, and a heavy gold watch chain over his portly tummy. To watch Winnie do his act is a technical satisfaction; as we saw him, with apparent spontaneity, pulling out of his hat one magnificent metaphor after another in answering sharp questions, we got the feeling that nobody can hold a candle to him as a speaker, now Roosevelt is gone.

That feeling grew all the stronger later in the week as we listened to Tom Dewey kill ten minutes of radio time introducing Churchill in New York. Dewey's magniloquence is so metallic; even Ambassador Winant's simple effectiveness, which he gets from sincerity, was forgotten when the Old Maestro finally got on the air.

Here in Washington, Churchill's daughter, Mrs. Vic Oliver, divorced wife of the London comedian and night-club entertainer, who looks exactly like her mother, sat on one side of the long speakers' table; Mrs. Churchill, charming and vivacious, sat near her husband; and at the other end sat Randolph Churchill, who has the thick-set build of his father. I last remember Randolph on the Roosevelt campaign train—I think it was 1936—condescendingly taking on a whole car-load of correspondents on matters of American politics of which he seemed to know little or nothing. There was an affable arrogance in his manner as he jousted with Heywood Broun that is hard to forget. One had to admire the young lord's dialectical skill and audacity in spite of his obvious efforts to be irritating.

The hook-up between poll-tax Southerners and Republicans in the present conservative congressional bloc is becoming well-nigh intolerable. It has reached the point where a group in the House has actually teamed up, elected Representative Hartley (R, N. J.) their chairman and proposed organizing in the Senate, too. Like Mr. Churchill's Anglo-American alliance, I don't think much will come of it on the formal plane, but this group does not need specific commitments to achieve its goals. In a speech at Wilmington, Democratic Chairman Hannegan denounced the "opposition," which, he said, included "a minority of dissident Democrats." Their latest attack on the minimum-wage bill illustrates their methods.

The bill would substitute for the present 40-cent floor under wages a 60-cent floor, to be raised after two years to a 75-cent-an-hour minimum. It would bring three or four million unorganized workers under its protection. Naturally enough, Senator Taft has at once swung into reaction. He is the GOP leader on domestic matters, as able Vandenberg is on international affairs. His first move in any battle like this is to make an ally of the leader of the "dissident Democrats"—whichever schismatic group is fighting a particular measure. In this case the leader is Senator Ellender. Messrs. Taft, Ellender and others accordingly propose a substitute, or "compromise" bill, and meanwhile other opponents load the measure with riders. As Congress is now constituted, with party discipline at a low ebb, it seems next to impossible to get any effective social legislation through. Members of the conservative coalition really represent a new party, the party that is running the nation today. Mr. Taft probably sees himself as a moderate. But his "gradualism" is actually glacialism. There are encouraging signs that the returned veterans aren't in favor of having their housing program frozen by the Glacialists; and the CIO-PAC has now started a drive to raise $6 million to support liberal candidates of either party in the coming congressional elections.

One of the nationally known atomic scientists, who is now opposing military control of nuclear-energy research, told me of the first secret meeting here of the little group, on October 21, 1939, which started the great investigation. President Roosevelt had just authorized the study, and an Army colonel had been designated as liaison man. To the amazement of my informant and the other scientists, the colonel opened the discussion with three generalizations: No new weapon, he said, could be considered a success which had not stood the test of two wars; explosives were overrated in warfare, anyway; and the thing that really won wars was morale.

Scientists here say Churchill was so disgusted with the way the regular army pooh-poohed the tank in World War I that he would not let military professionals have much to do with new ideas in World War II. The atomic scientists say that the military blocks their research right now. At the University of Chicago, scientists widely believe their phones are tapped; at Oak Ridge, 800 had to take lie-detector tests; many big figures in the field are quitting because of unpalatable conditions.

Notes. – Admiral Leahy may not see columnist Constantine Brown every week or so, as in the past; Brown's incorrect rumor that Byrnes would shortly be succeeded by General Marshall was assumed on all sides here, rather amusingly, to be inspired by the Admiral because of his contact. . . . Churchill revealed that a "Big Two" compromise offer had been made to Moscow on the Dardanelles; actually two other Anglo-American offers have been made and rejected: one on access to the North Sea through the Kiel Canal, another in connection with Iran.

Washington T. R. B.

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Science and Technology

Dynamite in DDT

ON MAY 23, 1945, the sun shone warmly on a large oak forest near the village of Moscow, Pennsylvania. Bird calls and songs rang through the woodland as the birds flew about feeding hungry young ones. But the forest was ill; its leaves were covered with millions of devouring gypsy-moth caterpillars. Though birds ate vast numbers of the caterpillars and carried them to their newly hatched young, the horde was beyond their control.

Early the next morning, an airplane droned over the forest, dropping a fine spray of DDT in an oil solution at the rate of five pounds an acre. The effect was instantaneous. The destructive caterpillars, caught in the deadly rain, died by the thousands. On May 25, the sun arose on a forest of great silence—the silence of total death. Not a bird call broke the ominous quiet.

The symptoms of poisoning were always the same: the birds were first barely able to fly, arising a few feet with a weak motion of the wings, then falling back to the ground. As the poison overcame them, they staggered, pitched forward and died, fluttering their wings violently. During the eight days that followed, at least 4,000 birds succumbed. They had been sacrificed to a practical experiment to see how much DDT birds could withstand.

This test arouses more than compassion for the birds. There is the cold significance of a chill wind in the potential power of DDT. Birds, along with beneficial insects and weather, are a steady curb on the destructive insects which threaten to consume all of man's green food supplies. If we removed the birds and helpful insects from large areas of the earth, we might soon know a great famine.

The stage for the pathetic drama in the Pennsylvania forest had been set in advance. The Bureau of Entomology of the United States Department of Agriculture had selected the 1,200-acre oak forest for experiment when it learned that a gypsy-moth outbreak had started there in early spring. Serious insect eruptions have destroyed millions of cubic feet of potential American timber in the past. DDT offered quick, economical control of harmful forest insects.

In a nearby 40-acre tract of the forest, only one pound an acre of DDT had been applied. No birds were killed, but the caterpillars were destroyed as effectively as in the mile-square area where five pounds an acre had killed virtually every bird. From these experiments the government scientists learned that dosages of DDT as low as one pound an acre will kill the gypsy-moth caterpillars and spare the birds.

Down in Maryland, there is a government wild-life refuge of 2,600 acres, called Patuxent. Last spring an airplane rained an oil solution of DDT on 117 acres of Patuxent forest bottom land at the rate of two pounds an acre. After the spraying, government biologists claimed there was no appreciable loss of birds, although the DDT had been sown at the height of the breeding season. The population of insect-eating forest mice and shrews, and larger fur and game animals remained unaffected, but other creatures suffered disaster. In a pond within the area, surface-feeding fishes—blue gills, shiners and minnows—were almost completely exterminated. The deeper-feeding suckers and pike were not affected immediately, but destruction of small fry removes the food of pike and other game fishes.

DDT destroys large fish when it settles in the water and kills aquatic insects on which big fish feed. Trout have died from eating poisoned water insects, and crayfish, salamanders and tadpoles are also destroyed by the insecticide. Thus streams and ponds may become barren of all life from the cumulative effects of DDT. Not only are freshwater fishes killed, but along our Eastern seacoast, hundreds of thousands of edible salt-water fishes and crabs have died where DDT was used experimentally at the rate of one-half pound an acre for mosquito control.

DDT's greatest defect for use of out-of-doors is its non-selective killing power. Even in experienced hands, its use may be likened to firing a broadside at a throng of people in which we have both enemies and friends. Fortunately for us, there are more kinds of insects that are helpful than harmful. The destructive ones make all insects seem baneful; but it is probable that we could not live without the services of beneficial insects any more than without the birds.

In the Pennsylvania forest experiment, DDT destroyed all gypsy-moth caterpillars and canker worms, but it also annihilated the lady-bird beetles which feed upon aphids. The aphid, a destructive pest, is little affected by DDT. When the enemy of the aphid was removed, there was a tremendous outbreak of them in the oak forest. But aphids are short-lived in wet weather, and fortunately, a rainy spell arrived soon afterward.

DDT, sprayed on peach trees to kill the destructive Oriental fruit moth, was even more deadly in killing the parasitic insect that orchardists had introduced to prey on the moth. DDT is not effective against the woolly aphis, a serious pest of apple trees, but is very destructive to the Aphelinus parasite that usually controls the woolly aphis. In California, gigantic outbreaks of the European red mite occurred in citrus orchards after spraying with DDT. The insecticide had exterminated insects controlling the pestiferous red mite.

Honey bees are regarded as beneficial, not only for the 225 million pounds of honey they produce annually in this country, but for their importance in pollinating flowers. Were it not for bees carrying pollen from flower to flower, many orchards and field crops would not bear fruit or seed. Insect pests of apple, clover and alfalfa blossoms, controllable with DDT, require spraying at the time bees visit the flowers. Thousands of bees, syrphus flies and other pollinating insects are killed when they alight on blossoms loaded with DDT.

Unfortunately, DDT and the new and powerful British insecticide, 666, are two-edged swords. Used indoors, DDT is the perfect insecticide. It kills practically every destructive household insect. Its staying power, when sprayed on indoor surfaces and dusted into clothing, assures the continued killing of flies, bedbugs, moths and other insects for months afterward. Used out-of-doors it is the most dangerous insecticide ever devised by man. DDT kills gypsy-moth and tent caterpillars, canker worms, the grubs

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of Japanese beetles and other pests. Yet it completely fails to harm many other destructive insects, while killing their insect enemies in enormous numbers. Parasitic insects, birds and other creatures preying on pests are not easily or quickly replaced.

There is now evidence that some destructive insects develop an immunity to certain insecticides. After years of spraying arsenic on codling-moth grubs which infest apples, the grubs have become resistant to it. Thirty years ago, the California red scale, a pest on citrus trees, was readily controlled by fumigating trees with hydrogen cyanide. But a "resistant race" of red scale evolved and their control with this chemical is now more difficult.

In a recent test, rats were killed by feeding them milk from goats receiving small daily dosages of DDT. Scientists conducting the experiment are worried that cow's milk might become impregnated with DDT if dairy cattle are allowed to graze on areas sprayed or dusted with the insecticide.

The federal government has 14 experimental areas in the United States where the effect of DDT is being observed on plants and soil, and on insects, birds, fishes and other creatures important as food or in keeping harmful insects within bounds. It seems advisable not to use DDT *outside of buildings* until the results of these experiments are better known. DDT must be reduced to a much finer selectivity if it is to spare many wild creatures which we not only seek for recreation but depend on for existence.

JOHN K. TERRES

The Bandwagon

CITY GREETS CHURCHILL;
POLICE GUARD INCREASED
– *Headline in the New York* Sun.

Churchill received no fee for his address. The Green Foundation of little Westminster College (225 students now) each year sponsors a lecture by an outstanding speaker. The purpose of the foundation is to promote international good will. – *From the Des Moines* Register.

Bricker Warns Against Growing Social Security. – *Headline in the New York* Sun.

Filipo L. de Hostos, president of the Puerto Rican Chamber of Commerce, says that this American island has some of the world's most far-famed slums because their residents like them that way. . . . The free-and-easy-going Puerto Rican of the lower class is happy where he doesn't have to worry about rent, plumbing facilities and water mains, de Hostos says. – *From the Chicago* Daily News.

Democracy in Action, Southern Division

Tennessee has no white primary law and in the cities proportionately about as many Negroes as whites manage to get over the poll-tax obstacle to voting. There is very little political discrimination, though Negroes never get elected to office. – *From an article by Jennings Perry in* PM.

Hands Across the Sea

All the francs in Paris couldn't buy a dish so luscious, so lavish as Longchamps Baby Lamb Stew (à la Parisienne). – *Advertisement of Longchamps Restaurants in the New York* Times.

But Could He Sing?

The followers of Caravaggio, for instance, who adorn these walls do it far more elaborately than Caravaggio himself, whose one example, "St. Francis in Ecstasy," is not really so complicated after all. This is a boyish St. Francis, good-looking and charming, and not unlike our Governor Dewey, and it is easy to see why people rallied to him. – *From Henry McBride's column on Art in the New York* Sun.

Dog's Best Friend

Student, stay with your dog evenings, Sat., Sun.; 4 years vet. med. J320 Times. – *Situation-wanted ad in the New York* Times.

Our readers are invited to contribute to this column; $1 will be paid for each item used. Address Bandwagon, care of the New Republic. *Please enclose the original clipping.* – THE EDITORS

Correspondence

Italy's Share in the Allied Victory

SIR: Because of the Fascist dictatorship, many people think of Italy as an Axis country. Few know the importance of the contribution of the Italian nation to the Allied victory in Europe.

The Patriot movement, the military branch of the Italian Resistance, grew to an army of about 25,000 men in central Italy and to possibly as many as 150,000 in northern Italy during the summer of 1944. Patriots were badly equipped, poorly armed and often lived at starvation levels. They engaged several German and Fascist divisions which otherwise would have fought against Allied troops. Twenty-six thousand Patriots killed and another 40,000 wounded and missing (one-third of their total strength) testify to the severity of their struggle. The civilian branches of the Resistance lost about 18,000 killed.

At the time of the armistice, 16,000 men of Italy's regular forces had died fighting the Germans; 540,000 were interned in Germany. Only 80,00 regular-army soldiers were allowed to join the fight for Italy's liberation, but 196,000 were employed in Italy in auxiliary services and 482,000 war prisoners were enrolled in workers' units or engaged in other activities in the United States and in the British Commonwealth. Total casualties of the Italian regular forces during the twenty months of war with the Allies were over 52,000, navy and air force included.

These are dry figures, but they give a picture that must be set against the damage inflicted while the Italian nation was an unwilling partner in the Axis.

Bennington, Vt. MASSIMO SALVADORI

Save the Anti-Nazis

SIR: Americans can send aid to anti-Nazi survivors of the Resistance in Germany for the first time in thirteen years. Since V-E Day, the war of hunger against the German people has been rising in a steady crescendo of death. The anti-Nazis in Germany must be saved if there is ever to be a democratic Germany and world peace. A presidential order has now created CRALOG, the Council of Relief Agencies Licensed for Operation in Germany, and designated the International Rescue and Relief Committee one of eleven member agencies authorized to give relief in Germany. All food, clothing and medicine purchased by the IRRC will be distributed in Germany exclusively by the Workers' Welfare Organization, the Arbeiter-

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wohlfart. This organization, disbanded by Hitler in 1933, unequivocally opposed the Nazis from the start. We urge *New Republic* readers to contribute as generously as they can to this cause. The IRRC's address is 103 Park Avenue, New York 17.

L. HOLLINGSWORTH WOOD, Chairman,
The International Rescue and Relief Commission
New York City

On Werfel's Religion

SIR: Eric Bentley, in his review of Franz Werfel's *Star of the Unborn*, implied that Werfel was a Catholic. This is not true, and furthermore, Werfel did not "spurn the ancient faith from which he sprang," as Mr. Bentley stated. Werfel openly proclaimed, in his book, *Between Heaven and Earth*, that he could not desert his Jewish faith, for as a Jew he was paying in part the debt of the Jews in rejecting the Messiah.

In a communication made public by Archbishop Joseph Rummel of New Orleans in 1942, Franz Werfel reaffirmed his Jewish faith and denied reception of baptism. His funeral service was not held in a Catholic Church, but in Pierce Mortuary, Beverly Hills, California.

State College, Pa. ANDREW W. CASE

SIR: I need only refer Mr. Case back to the first part of my two reviews—in the *New Republic* of February 18. I wrote: "Werfel, so far as I know, never was received into the Church at all." So much for the facts. As far as mere opinion is concerned, belief in "paying in part the debt of the Jews in rejecting the Messiah" seems to me to constitute an unequivocal repudiation of Judaism. If it is the word *spurn* that Mr. Case objects to, I submit that it is justified by Werfel's treatment of the Jewish faith in *Star of the Unborn* itself.

Minneapolis, Minn. ERIC BENTLEY

Records for a Desert Isle

SIR: Naomi Horowitz seems to be intelligent and expert on the subject of records (the *New Republic*, January 28 and March 18).

If she were spending $50 for records, had none at all and would never spend another cent on them (a South Sea isle, phonograph, ten books and $50 worth of records), what would she buy?

If she were spending $50, had no records, but expected to spend $5 a month for the next five years building a small record library, how would she spend the initial $50?

Athens, Tenn. H. W. HAWK

[I find it practically impossible to list the recordings I should buy in either case, since at the present time the greater number of those I should choose are not available. Instead I'm listing a series of recordings in various categories which are excellent performances, excellent recordings technically, and generally available. Perhaps on a desert island I might prefer other works in worse recordings; but that would depend on whether I washed ashore with a small portable or a high-fidelity phonograph.

SYMPHONIES: Any Brahms, the Beecham Linz, Haffner and Prague, Beethoven's Sixth (Toscanini) and Eighth (Koussevitsky), Haydn's Ninety-eighth (Toscanini), One Hundred and Second (Koussevitsky)—harder to get, Schubert's Fifth (Beecham). CONCERTI—*Violin:* Glazunov (Heifetz-Barbirolli), Paganini (Menuhin-Monteux), Mozart Fourth (Szigeti-Beecham), Mozart Fifth (Heifetz-Barbirolli). *Piano:* Mozart C major No. 21 (Schnabel-Sargent), Rachmaninov Second Moiseivitch-Goehr). TONE POEMS: Tyl Eulenspiegel (Koussevitsky), La Mer (Koussevitsky). CHAMBER MUSIC: Any of the Haydn Society volumes that may be on your dealer's shelves (Pro Arte), Mozart G minor, C major viola quintets (Budapest), Beethoven Op. 18, No. 2 (Budapest), Schubert piano trio, Op. 99 (Heifetz, Feuermann, Rubinstein), Schubert cello quintet Op. 163 (Budapest with Benar Heifetz). SONATAS—*Violin and Piano:* Franck (Heifetz-Rubinstein), Kreutzer (Busch-Serkin). *Piano:* Appassionata (Gieseking), Schubert's A major posthumous (Schnabel). BALLET: Swan Lake (Dorati), Aurora's Wedding (Kurtz). OPERA: Any Mozart. OVERTURES: album of famous overtures: Giovanni, Merry Wives, Hebrides, Roman Carnival (Beecham).—N. H.]

From The New Republic Mail Bag

E. A. Rogers writes from Los Gatos, California, about Howard Ambruster's book on I. G. Farbenindustrie, which shows its cartel connections with American companies. Mr. Rogers says that "No publisher dares publish the book. Law suits are sure to follow. . . . Lawyers and publishers have asserted their belief that the law suits could be won, but they have not the money to try it. They also testify to the truths in the book." Mr. Rogers comments, "We talk . . . of world peace and the UNO. Here is a man who has investigated one of the fundamental causes of war. Shall we allow it to cause World War III? It will, if we do not demand the freedom of the press."

The Food, Tobacco and Agricultural Workers' Union (CIO) writes appealing for funds for the defense of five Negro strikers indicted under the Arkansas "Anti-Violence Act," a piece of anti-labor legislation pushed through the legislature in 1943 by the Christian-American Association. "The only violence which occurred during the strike," the union writes, "was the murder of Walter Cameron, striker, by Otha Williams, strike-breaker." The workers have undergone all kinds of anti-union activity in their strike against a 12-hour day and 50-cent hourly wages. Checks for their defense fund should be made payable to Georgia Morris, Secretary, the Southern Cotton Oil Company Strikers' Defense Committee, 119 Glover Building, Little Rock, Arkansas.

Dorothy Cavaretta Benson writes from Palermo, Sicily, to disagree with Richard Zavertnik's letter (the *New Republic*, July 9) and to press the Italian claims to Trieste. She says that the Italians in Venezia Giulia and Trieste have "kept the . . . ideals of Italian nationalism through the centuries" and that Italian is the language of the towns. She also cites the injustices of the Austro-Hungarian empire toward the many Italian nationalists in this territory as proof of the strength of nationalist sentiment.

A. J. Alexander, 42 Elm Park Gardens, London, S. W. 10, writes, "I am working on a series of anthologies compiled from letters, short stories, reportage and poems written by servicemen stationed in Southeast Asia during and after the war," and asks for contributions from Americans who have served in the Pacific and in Asia. Mr. Alexander will accept contributions from "a paragraph in a letter of 200 words to a series of letters running into 6,000 words and over; stories and reportage should be 1,500 to 3,000 words." He asks that the author's unit and rank held at the time of writing be included.

Dr. Thomas W. Patrick of New York City sends us a reprint of his article in *Progressive Education* which tells about Camp Willowemoc, a private summer camp for children established in 1944. The camp is interracial and interreligious. Dr. Patrick, the director, writes, "we believe that we have satisfactorily demonstrated the fact that children and adults of many races and faiths can live, play and work together harmoniously."

New Republic readers in Racine and Kenosha, Wisconsin, may want to get in touch with Ralph Compere, Route 3, Trailer City, Racine, who writes that he "would like to meet for discussion purposes with regular readers of the *New Republic*."

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Books in Review

Limbo-by-the-Sea

EDMUND WILSON's new book, *Memoirs of Hecate County*,[1] is a cycle of six long stories; in other words, it is an example of a rather new literary form developed in this country as the result of a conflict between writers and their public. The American public reads stories in magazines, but in the past it has most often refused to buy them when they were collected between cloth covers; decidedly it prefers novels. American writers, on the other hand, have shown no such natural bent for writing novels as exists in England or Russia and, to a lesser extent, in Germany and France. Their best work has often been done in another medium, the novelette or short novel or long story, for which there was neither a book nor a magazine market (nor even a single name, until Whit Burnett adapted a European word and called it the "novella"). The result was a compromise: many of the writers began grouping their long stories into cycles that dealt with one background or a single group of characters; thus, they continued working in their own medium while giving the same unified effect as in a novel.

Memoirs of Hecate County is a successful example of this new form, a better and firmer piece of work than *I Thought of Daisy*, the novel that Wilson published in 1929. Partly that is because his style (no longer Proustian), his sense of construction and his judgment of persons have all developed in the intervening years; but also, like most American writers of our time, he seems more at home in stories. He likes to take up a character, develop him to a certain point, then let him drop out of the book as friends drop out of our lives; perhaps returning to him later in another story, as if a college chum had stopped us on the street. He can build a long story firmly and continue it to the end, whereas his one novel always seemed to be starting and stopping as if it too were really a collection of tales. At the same time, all six stories in the volume fit into one physical and social and moral frame.

Hecate County is situated on the seacoast within two or three hours of New York; in its physical aspects it seems to be a combination of Monmouth County, New Jersey, and Fairfield County, Connecticut, with several features borrowed from Cape Cod. Socially it is inhabited during the summer months by prosperous middle-class people, all of them bright, talkative, well read, alcoholic, and many of them engaged in publishing or the arts. Morally it is the scene of a conflict between good and evil, in which evil is stronger and more personalized—one of the characters is or appears to be Satan himself—and wins minor victories one after another, but never achieves a complete triumph. The first story, "The Man Who Shot Snapping Turtles," fixes the moral atmosphere. Asa M. Stryker, a rich man of the neighborhood, loves the wild ducks that breed near his pond and hates the snapping turtles that eat the ducklings. He says, "If God has created the mallard, a thing of beauty and grace, how can He allow these dirty filthy mud-turtles to prey upon His handiwork and destroy it? . . . If the Evil triumphs there, it may triumph everywhere." Finally Mr. Stryker becomes so obsessed with the malignity of the turtles that he changes his aims, drives away the ducks, starts a turtle farm and becomes richer still through selling turtle soup. He takes the side of Evil, and it destroys him.

"Ellen Terhune" is almost a very fine story, almost, I should say, on a level with the good later work of Henry James—with "The Jolly Corner," for example, which it resembles in mood. It deals with a middle-aged woman composer who is going insane and lets her obsessions appear in a sonata that she is unable to finish. She involves the narrator in her problems and hallucinations. Every time he visits her house, he sees or thinks he sees a scene that is farther in the past: first he meets Ellen as a young woman just home from the Paris Conservatory, then as a lonely girl in her teens; then he sees her mother just before Ellen's birth, then her mother before marriage to Ellen's father. In this last scene, however, there is a modern intrusion: Ellen herself, in the next room, plays the sonata with which she has been struggling so long, and it proves to be an impressive piece of work. The narrator bursts into the room where she has been playing; and exactly at this point the story, which has been acquiring a baneful intensity, begins to lose conviction. The author flinches from the big scene toward which he has been building, the scene that will serve as an explanation and a catastrophic climax. There is no scene with Ellen at all; the music room is empty; and we learn in an epilogue that she has died of heart failure that afternoon in a cheap New York hotel.

"Glimpses of Wilbur Flick" is the portrait of a detestable rich man who becomes an angel or fat cat for the Communists; it seems to me the weakest story in the book. "The Princess with the Golden Hair" is the longest and comes near being the best as well. It describes the narrator's simultaneous love affairs with three women (are they the three aspects of Hecate, the goddess of magic arts?), and it begins with a marvelous picture of a golden-haired creature who lives as if in a fairy tale. But halfway through the story, one's interest begins to flag. The descriptions of love are so zoölogical, the narrator is so intent on making a safari through the bedroom with gun and microscope, that we find he is preserving only the stuffed and mounted hides of his love affairs; what has disappeared is simply their passion, the breath of their life. And the reader feels like those children in a very progressive school who went to their teacher with a question. "We know all about how babies come to be born," they said, "but what we can't understand is why people like to do it."

"The Milhollands and Their Damned Soul" is satire mixed with extravagant burlesque and mixed again with some accurate notes on the publishing world. Within the limitations of its method—which is to combine known

[1] Memoirs of Hecate County, by Edmund Wilson. New York: Doubleday and Company. 338 pages. $2.50.

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characters and institutions, choosing the worst features of each—I should call it completely successful, good dirty fun.

"Mr. and Mrs. Blackburn at Home," the last of the six stories, deals with a character who is, or whom the narrator in his alcoholic confusion fancies to be, the Devil himself. Mr. Blackburn, as he is known in Hecate County, gives a long speech in old-fashioned French about his tribulations in the contemporary world, where the human malice that was his special domain has given way to an immense and impersonal cruelty; he is planning to start a religious revival in the hope of collecting just a few damned souls. After this speech, the story dissolves into a series of very effective alcoholic nightmares; the narrator wakes from them at last and decides to build a new life with one of his mistresses in the Arizona desert; but vainly, for he will carry Hecate County with him wherever he goes.

In the end, one feels that the six stories are more impressive in one volume than any of them would be standing alone. Besides having the unities of time and place and the personality of the narrator, they are also held together by a single mood of revulsion. It is a feeling on the part of the author and his characters that this sort of life for individuals can't go on indefinitely; that, if they are to continue living, they must find some ritual of purification, of death and rebirth into a new faith, that will give them a purpose in life beyond making money and finding new sleeping partners. They try all the fashionable drugs: alcohol and sex and sleeping tablets and psychoanalysis, not to mention Communism and Catholicism, but nothing seems to change in their world; there is always lightning on the horizon and thunder rumbling overhead; but, as in *The Waste Land*, the storm never breaks and they are all left wandering in Limbo-by-the-Sea. This failure of all the characters to find a direction for their lives seems connected with the failure of the separate stories and of the book itself to find any sort of climax, except in drunken nightmares. The weakness in technique that one felt at the end of "Ellen Terhune" is also a weakness in the book as a whole; and it is essentially a lack, not of skill or technique, but rather of animal faith. MALCOLM COWLEY

How Free Are Our Ideas?

The First Freedom, by Morris L. Ernst. New York: The Macmillan Company. 316 pages. $3.

IN 1910 about 92 million Americans read 2,600 daily newspapers with a total circulation of 24 million; in 1940 more than 130 million Americans read only 1,988 dailies, though circulation had risen to 40 million. In 1910, 92 cities with a population of 100,000 or more had a total of 368 newspapers; in 1940 the total had dropped to 239. In 1910 one-newspaper towns accounted for 42.9 percent of the total; in 1940 this percentage had mounted to 85.9; in other words, only 14.1 percent of all American towns had more than one paper. In 1910, 13 chains controlled 62 papers; in 1940, 56 chains controlled 296 papers.

Eighty-nine percent of all American homes own a total of 59 million radio sets. In 1941 these sets were serviced by about 900 commercial and 28 non-commercial stations. But 730 of these stations were controlled by only four networks. In 1944 the number of stations, including Frequency Modulation, controlled by the four giant networks had risen to 950. In 1941, of 801 stations, 353 were located in one-station cities; in 111 cities this one station was associated with the only publisher.

The $2-billion motion-picture industry is controlled by the five largest producers and three satellites. They control 80 percent of all first-run metropolitan theatres. Although the major companies own or control only about 2,800 theatres, or about 16 percent of the 17,919 in operation, 6,617 are located in one-theatre cities and 1,439 in two-theatre towns (with more than a thousand of the latter under the same management). And through the Hays Office, the "Big Five" determine the film diet of upwards of 100 million annual theatre-goers in this country alone.

These staggering figures and others, collected by the author and his research staff, tell only part of the story of what is aptly called "the vanishing market place of thought." The curse of bigness is increasingly accompanied by the curse of deteriorating quality. Newspapers have turned increasingly from editorials and news to popular entertainment. Radio is principally the medium of crooners, soap operas and gags. The movies are frankly escapist; books and magazines are the last refuge for ideas, but their influence is very small in comparison with the mass media, and monopolization is not out of question.

There is indeed cause for alarm. Liberalism and democracy are predicated on the free flow of ideas in a competitive market. Freedom from private monopoly is as essential as freedom from governmental restriction in the realm of thought. Mr. Ernst's warning voice, if not too late, is certainly not premature. Tolerance and understanding can flourish only if all political, religious or racial groups have a chance to say what they want to say, and to be heard. But little has been done to arrest the trend toward bigness and monopoly in the field of communications. The Supreme Court has sustained the Federal Communications Commission in its fight against the monopolistic and restrictive practices of the radio networks. It has ruled against the anti-free-enterprise activities of the Associated Press. An anti-trust case against the movie giants is now pending.

What can be done about it? Mr. Ernst makes a great many suggestions which envisage legislative action along lines already followed in other monopolies. Movie companies should be forced to sell their theatres, and chains should be kept out of the film-production business. Movie companies should be divorced from radio and television. Radio licensees should not own or handle the sale of copyrighted music. No network should be allowed to own a station. Newspaper publishing should be divorced from control of pulp or paper manufacture. Concealed companionate marriages in all communications should be prevented. Chains should be broken up and absentee ownership condemned. Advertising and copyright should be scrutinized and remedial steps taken to guarantee the free flow of ideas. On the positive side, federal subsidies, as in other industries, should be granted when needed. In addition to these suggestions, Ernst makes many others more specifically appropriate to the radio, movie and newspaper industries. They are all intended to forestall the dictatorship of the mind which otherwise may engulf the American people.

HEINZ EULAU

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Heinrich Mann

Drawn for the New Republic *by B. F. Dolbin*

HEINRICH MANN, born March 27, 1871, in Lübeck, is 75. That more often than not he is identified by the American public through his relationship to his younger brother, Thomas, does not characterize him; it characterizes only current misconceptions of his work and the significance of his personality. Thomas Mann himself has repeatedly pointed out that Heinrich Mann's importance as a man of letters is second to no contemporary's. The deep and lasting effect of his work will probably be wholly appreciated and understood only by generations to come.

The work of Heinrich Mann includes more than 20 novels, scores of short stories, dramas, volumes of essays. But it also includes pamphlets printed on cigarette paper or disguised as Nazi publications and smuggled at the risk of life into the Third Reich. It seemed worthwhile to many to risk their necks for the sake of listening to his appeals. We used to call him the German Victor Hugo. This is as good a definition as can be; alas, even the years of his exile, 13 by now, are approaching the span that Hugo spent in Guernsey, banned from France by a dictator and protesting against the shame that blanketed his fatherland. Like Hugo, Heinrich Mann is admired and revered as the keeper of the spiritual and moral virtues his country once possessed. He has borne the torch of freedom and integrity of thought through the night of the past years.

At the end of the First World War, Heinrich Mann achieved popular success in Europe. Suddenly, with an outcry of surprise and gratitude, Germany and Europe recognized one of their spiritual leaders. The six novels of his first period, which up to then had attracted only a few readers, sold by the hundreds of thousands. In America the best known of these early novels is *Der Untertan*, published here in the twenties under the title *The Patrioteer* and recently republished (in a rather weak translation) as *Little Superman*. Careful reading of this literary dissection of the German petty bourgeois reveals the social and mental compost out of which grew the Nazi—we should say, rather, out of which grow Nazis in many parts of the world. The "Henry IV" novels of Mann's mature period, a beautiful eulogy of reason and humanism, found a very limited number of American readers when published at the time of Hitler's conquest of Europe; they will be reread and better understood in days to come.

There remains *Professor Unrat*, which was published here after the world success of the movie based on it, "The Blue Angel." "My brains and Marlene Dietrich's legs," Mann once wrote jokingly in a letter, combined to produce the only popular success he has had in this country. Unknown here is the play "Madame Legros" which had a great success on the stages of all European countries; unknown are most of his great novels—the trilogy *The Duchess of Assy* and *Die Kleine Stadt;* unknown his volumes of essays. He is not in the news. There are no pictures of him in the magazines and he is not mentioned in the gossip columns. He is a great man.

France—where he had lived off and on since 1893—was Heinrich Mann's second home. In a letter to me he once wrote: "The eight years of my exile in France were only a somewhat longer stay in a country where I felt at home. . . . France has always been good to me, and I loved her as a historical phenomenon up to the day before the last." He had worked frantically for German-French rapprochement during the days of Briand and Stresemann. Paris jubilantly received him as Ambassador Extraordinary of the German spirit after the First World War.

In those years of the late twenties when even in Germany a spiritual resurgence took place (like a last flare-up before death), Mann became president of the German Academy of Literature and Art. It was one of the first official acts of Hitler's minister for "culture" to deprive him of this post. Later Hitler took away his German citizenship. This was an occasion to celebrate. All of us appreciated the distinction of being declared public enemies of the Third Reich. Mann had taught us: "Better coördinated than excluded—there you have a philosophy which may be useful to a banker; never to a writer. Literature can exist only where the spirit itself is a power, but never where it abdicates or bows before the power of barbarism."

There is no more genuine profession of love and respect than to say: I need you. What is left of the better Germany yearns for Mann's spiritual leadership, and for his presence. The very first letters that have come from there appeal for his return. He knows it and, I venture to say, agrees with this demand. Heinrich Mann at 75 is ready to lead the spiritual rebirth of Germany. To present him with the necessary facilities for his return would be possibly the birthday gift he would cherish most.

ALFRED KANTOROWICZ

The Darker Brothers

My Africa, by Mbonu Ojike. New York: The John Day Company. 350 pages. $3.75.
America Is in the Heart, by Carlos Bulosan. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 326 pages. $3.

THESE TWO BOOKS are part of the growing literature of protest coming from dark-skinned peoples all over the earth. Neither is in itself greatly important, but both derive a certain worthwhileness from their part in exposing and rejecting the Jim Crowism and repressive economic imperialism of the Western democracies. They must be read in their true context, which is made up of the riots in starving India, the Indonesian revolt, the peonage we encourage in the Philippines and our own "democratic" Jim Crow army and society.

My Africa is a many-sided attack upon white rule in Africa and, particularly, upon British rule in Nigeria. Mr. Ojike's approach, as idea, is interesting and shrewd. The first quarter of the book is his autobiography, the story of a Nigerian village boyhood. It runs a little too heavily to life with father who had ten wives, ruled his extensive farm household with stern African justice and had no use (with good cause) for white men, Christianity or Western (mis-

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sionary) education. But all this, and the third of the book on African culture which follows, has a definite purpose: by recording nearly all aspects of African life, Mr. Ojike can argue that Africa does have a rich, varied culture which includes the capacity for self-rule. When he completes his damaging analysis of British imperialism in Nigeria, therefore, the case for freedom has been measurably strengthened by sympathy for an outraged civilization.

What this book calls for, inevitably, is the end of white control in Africa—"The African is absolutely fed up with European rule." One may smile at the political naïveté implied here but no one can, with good conscience or honest logic, attack Ojike's position. He has nothing but contempt for the old "white-man's-burden" wheeze and similar hypocrisies. The British, he knows, are in Nigeria for profits ($69 billion in dividends alone from 1886 to 1942), for a cheap source of raw materials, for a cheap labor supply and similar imperialistic prizes. He points to the British refusal to permit industrial development because it would mean the end of a dumping ground for cheap British goods at outrageous prices. Steadily the traditional small-farm economy of Nigeria has been broken up to provide cheap labor for getting out raw materials. Admitted benefits, like railroads, have been incidental; education—unlike railroads, not essential to British profit-taking—is given two percent of the current "development" allocation. Turning to that other traditional benefit, the missionary, Mr. Ojike speaks plainly and refreshingly. Converted to Christianity himself, he feels that the missionaries ought to leave, taking with them their "cultural egocentrism," their religious imperialism and insulting nepotism.

My Africa is honest, passionate pleading, but it goes badly as a book to read. The poor, disjointed writing might possibly be explained by the author's incomplete familiarity with the language. Harder to accept are the poor organization of the material, the naïve and unrewarding sections on the arts and any number of pointless anecdotes. Above all, there is a too promiscuous encompassing of all Africa in casual generalizations. A tough, well documented study of British misrule in Nigeria alone would have strengthened Mr. Ojike's case immeasurably.

This reviewer has heard Carlos Bulosan's story from other Filipinos. Told, not written, and not so well understood, but the same in its essentials of color discrimination, economic persecution and ceaseless battering down of human dignity. Like many others, he left the Philippines and the slow starvation to which feudal land laws consign thousands of Filipinos. What he tells of those early years will be a shock to any number of people who have always imagined a land of little, happy, brown brothers being helped toward independence by handsome Americans like Paul McNutt and Douglas MacArthur.

Like the others, Bulosan knew America first as a dream. The reality is one of the most sickening social truths confronting a minority in the United States. Bulosan didn't miss a step in the whole routine, from being shanghaied to an Alaskan fishery and cheated out of his poor wages to a beating by sadistic cops. Year in, year out, up and down the West Coast, it was the same dreary round of seasonal crop-picking for starvation wages, odd jobs in restaurants, if you were lucky, and no housing except in Chinese red-light districts. It is easy enough to understand his astonish-

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ment when someone told him, "It is hard to be a Jew!"

Bulosan fought back through the labor movement at a time when Filipinos were being killed for merely talking union. All he got was a bad beating. With no education to speak of, he made himself a writer of some charm in an alien language. He tells all this quietly, almost shyly, and the impact is not up to the possibilities of the material. But I hope it is read by all the people who have a lot to learn about the Philippines *and* America. MAX GISSEN

A Reader's List

FRANCE: A SHORT HISTORY, by Albert Guérard (Norton, $3). "This little book is my testament," Mr. Guérard says in his Foreword. It is a brilliant distillation of his years of thinking, teaching and writing on the subject. If it lacks a thesis, the author was the first to be aware of the fact; it was written, however, with two guiding thoughts: "that France is a collective achievement without which the world would be darker [and] that France and the United States, more perhaps than any other major nations, are founded upon the same principles." The book—all the more remarkable in view of its brevity—is distinguished from most other such "short histories" by the wide range of its author's interests and knowledge.

RUDYARD KIPLING, by Hilton Brown (Harpers, $3). Perhaps no writer offers a more vexing problem to modern criticism than Kipling. In method, doctrine and aim, his work violates nearly every current taste and tenet. But his extraordinary gifts have compelled such critics as T. S. Eliot, Bonamy Dobrée and Edmund Wilson to set themselves the task of disengaging his merits from his faults and evaluating the former according to prevailing norms. Much closer to Kipling himself, and to Victorian perspectives, Hilton Brown has written a study the chief value of which resides in its correction of the extravagances and absurdities of the various interpretations of Kipling made by those who have to cross barriers to comprehend him. Accompanying a remarkably sane and judicious account of the man, however, goes a rather ill tempered and gratuitous defense of his works against contemporary depreciation. In stressing the more obvious virtues of Kipling's poetry and prose, Mr. Brown accomplishes much less to restore them to favor than have more analytic efforts to isolate and explain his special genius.

THE PORTABLE OSCAR WILDE. Selected and edited by Richard Aldington (Viking, $2). The first sentence of the editor's introduction to this most recent addition to the valuable Viking Portable Library is sufficiently disarming: "Almost everything that could be said about Oscar Wilde has been said already," but Mr. Aldington goes on with testy wit to summarize Wilde, the man and the writer, as well as it is likely ever to be done. The selections include *The Picture of Dorian Gray, Salomé, The Importance of Being Earnest* and *De Profundis*, all complete; and a selection from the poems, tales, letters (including twelve previously unpublished) topped off with the best of the anecdotes and *mots*.

Crime and Punishment

CALL THE NEXT WITNESS, by Philip Woodruff (Harcourt, Brace, $2). India, caste-ridden, poverty-stricken and torn between violent nationalism and supporters of things-as-they-are, is the protagonist of this tragic story of sudden death. Was Pijari, "flame of the forest" and bride of Gopal Singh, murdered, or did she take her life because of her husband's infidelity? The police's attempt to build up a case against the husband runs head-on into enigmas of tradition and philosophy unfamiliar to Westerners, and the witnesses at the trial, each motivated by binding personal considerations, only deepen the puzzle. An absorbing novel by a man who has spent much of his life working in the hill-village background he describes.

MONEY ON THE BLACK, by Allan MacKinnon (Crime Club, $2). David Stanners, in London on leave from the front, is prevailed on by his old Scotland Yard boss to take a hand in the Yard's attempt to capture a daring ring of black-market operators (furs, liquor and nylons). He wangles an invitation to the apartment of a prime suspect —a glamorous blonde—who is mysteriously murdered twenty minutes later. From here on, the chase is fast and furious, topped off by a honey of a solution. E. H.

New Republic News

Copy for the Franklin D. Roosevelt April 15 memorial supplement keeps coming in. Henry Wallace, Archibald MacLeish, Samuel I. Rosenman and Mrs. Charles Hamlin, an "old river friend" of the President, now have their material in our editorial basket.

Last week's editorial, "Houses—Not Lobbies" was written by Charles Abrams, an old *NR* contributor. At present he is at work on a book, *The Future of Housing*, to appear in a month or so.

Bruce Bliven, now in California, keeps sending us short memos —"BB to NG—don't forget to mark the T. R. B. copy 11 on 12 pt." He moves so fast we haven't had a chance to reply, but his pleaasnt, booming voice still can be heard in the office on the unshaved dictaphone records he left behind.

Thirty-five employees of Editorial Publications, Inc., last week affiliated themselves with the American Newspaper Guild, CIO. Editorial Publications, Inc., publishes *Antiques* and *Country Book*, as well as the *NR*.

Contributors

John K. Terres served for eight years as a field biologist with the Soil Conservation Service of the United States Department of Agriculture before entering the Army in 1942. During that time he worked on a program to control erosion in the northeastern United States, and he was particularly concerned with the importance of beneficial wildlife on farm environment.

B. F. Dolbin was born in Vienna, and after a distinguished European career as an illustrator, cartoonist and portraitist, came to New York in 1935. He has exhibited extensively (the Brooklyn Museum, the World's Fair, the National Arts Club, the American-British Art Center, etc.) and contributes art work to the *Nation, Modern Music, Stage Magazine, Free World, Fortune, Life* and other publications.

Alfred Kantorowicz, a German writer and former director of the Library of the Burned Books in Paris, is at present director of the CBS short-wave listening station.

Max Gissen, a long-time contributor of reviews and articles to the *New Republic*, has just been discharged, with the rank of captain, from the Army.

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